

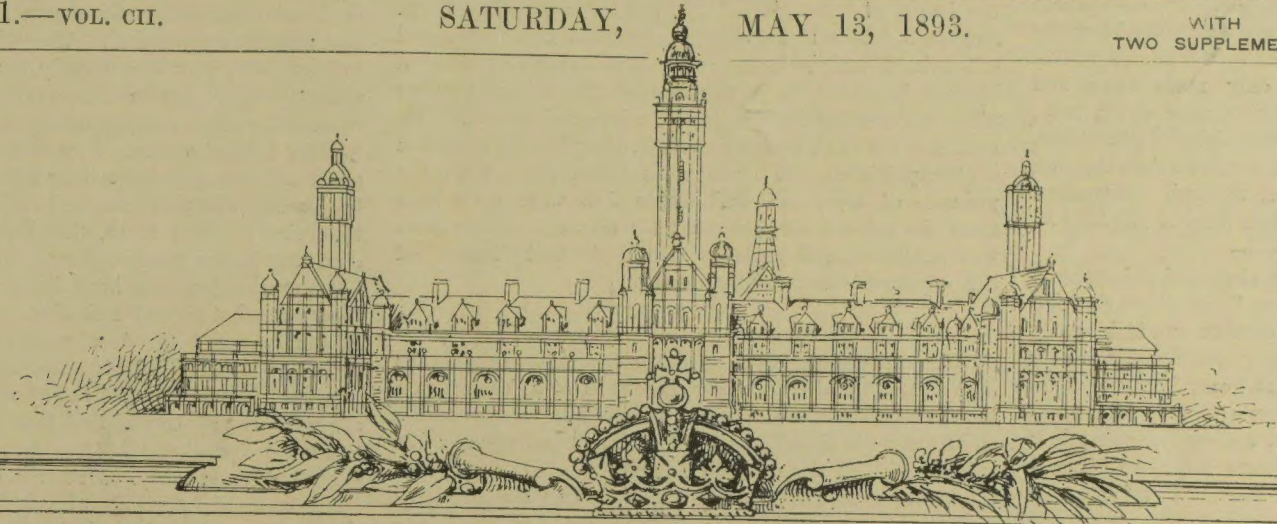
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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WITH TWO SUPPLEMENTS SIXPENCE.
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HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA, EMPRESS OF INDIA.

Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Why is it, when you ask the way of anybody in a strange locality, he always replies, instead of telling you, "Well, you see, I am a stranger here myself"? This is invariable, and, when you are weak and feeble, it is most irritating. When an invalid takes his first long walk—say a mile and a half—for instance, he wishes to go the shortest way to that bourne from which he has no intention of returning except on wheels. He therefore asks everybody he meets whether he is going right. This is what happened to an invalid the other day under these circumstances. The first person he met was a German, and could only speak that language, which, as the other had only studied it for seven years, he could not, of course, understand. The next person said he had just arrived by steamer, and only knew the way to the pier. The third was a bath-chair man, a native, who must have known, but he only made faces and grunted, being deaf and dumb. The fourth was a lady, very polite, who gave him the most detailed directions, which made him take a détour of more than a mile through sand, and nearly caused his death through exhaustion. How do optimist philosophers get over facts of this kind?

I have always noticed that your professional pedestrian—I don't mean the man who runs "laps," and whose clothing is a handkerchief, but your Alpine climber and fashionable athlete—never asks his way. He is generally abominably egotistic, and, to say truth, a trifle morose; he never waits an instant for a companion who wants to loop up a boot-lace, and is as silent after the first mile or two as a monk of La Trappe. I have hitherto always set down his preference to going ten miles out of his way to asking it of anybody to arrogant independence, but the above experience begets a more charitable view: perhaps he has found out that it is no use applying for the information in question. It is not so much ignorance, I think, that prevents its being furnished as the densest stupidity: only once have I known it to arise from malice or rather a desire for superiority. A man once replied to my question, "Oh, yes; I know the way well enough, but I ain't a-going to tell yer." "Why not?" I inquired. "Because then," he said, "you would be as wise as I be." I was not so much angry as amused, for I saw in that rejoinder some very recognisable characteristics of the scholar if not of the gentleman.

Following close upon his Continental rival in the field of forgetfulness, to whose case we drew attention the other day, another individual—this time much nearer home, at Battersea—has been found utterly destitute of memory; could not conceive who he was or where he lived; but in twenty-four hours got all right again. My own memory; never fails me with this completeness; but, on the other hand, it stops away much longer. Has anyone noticed, by-the-bye, how the same word escapes one again and again? There is one word, for example, I never remember, and don't remember it now: it is the adjective for "by proxy." I must turn to my "Thesaurus": it is "vicarious."

The account given in the *St. James's Gazette* of the dinners supplied from outside to criminals while in Holloway Jail is curious. Crime does not seem to affect the appetite at all, nor even suspense, so long as it is short of *su per coll.* Murderers seem to prefer good, wholesome, honest sustenance, such as "stout" and "steak"—one regrets to have to add, "and fried onions." Forgers are much more delicate in their choice of food, and also exceedingly expensive; but it is fair to reflect that this is hardly extravagance, as they are spending other people's money. It is not, perhaps, surprising that your unctuous company promoter or specious fraudulent director should be particularly addicted to sardines. They probably take them for the same reason as Mr. Squeers gave bits of fat to young Wackford, to increase their oleaginous appearance and attract customers. What seems funny, these gentlemen's solicitors generally order their dinners, and what is certainly wrong, sometimes omit to pay for them. Some of the letters from the incarcerated to their purveyor are quite pathetic: "Do not, do not give me eggs for breakfast so often, nor cold eggs on a Sunday. Little and good will suit me." This person, however, is exceptionally modest. The motto of, at all events, all the great offenders is, "The best of everything is all I ask for." I envy these people their appetites. I have never been caught in any flagrant criminal offence, but if I were I am sure I should not enjoy my dinners. The least trouble of any kind invariably affects both my appetite and my "drinkitite." It is, perhaps, the consciousness of this weakness which has kept me so virtuous.

There is always a difficulty in choosing something new for a present in sign of esteem and regard; but a theatrical company at Glasgow has lately succeeded in this. They purchased their musical director a Rudge pneumatic bicycle, to breathe their "friendship and esteem," and accompanied the gift with a bottle of Elliman's Embrocation, in case, one concludes, of accidents. In politics this is called "riding for a fall," but in ordinary life it is unusual to meet with such forethought. It is like giving

a man a dozen of port, accompanied by a bottle of colchicum. A lady whom I informed of this touching tribute observed, "How complete a gift!" I read misunderstanding in her beautiful eye, and on inquiry found that she supposed the embrocation was oil for the bicycle.

It is curious that while, in these days, persons who one would think ought to know better have "an open mind" as regards vaccination, or even oppose themselves to it, those who attacked inoculation in the last century seem to have done so more on religious grounds, much as the administration of chloroform was attacked in our own time, than from any sanitary or scientific standpoint. They did not deny its advantages, but denounced it as "an impious attempt to take the issues of life and death out of the hands of Providence." In a sermon preached at St. Andrew's, Holborn, the clergyman admits that "the good of mankind" might be the object of this discovery, but "if by good be meant the preservation of life, it is, in the first place, a consideration whether life be good or not." He took for his text, literally enough, the physical condition of the patriarch Job: "So went Satan forth from the presence of the Lord and smote Job with sore boils from the sole of his feet unto his crown." The sermon was published, and probably formed the first "leaflet" of this apparently endless controversy.

People in the country have been accused of not understanding the value of a rarity. A curious instance of this has occurred at Sherborne, where the birth of a lamb with a human head, and the priceless addition of an eye in the middle of its forehead, instead of evoking admiration, seems to have filled the inhabitants with surprise and alarm. Far from turning their thoughts to making money through taxidermatology, or even spirits of wine upon a liberal scale, the incident seems to have struck them as of evil augury. Portions of the fore-quarters were actually "thrown away in a panic on account of their peculiar formation," a circumstance that causes one to wonder whether we are really living in the "so-called nineteenth century." Those fore-quarters—which, for all we know, were five quarters, and might have revolutionised mathematics—are gone for ever, but an intelligent visitor from London secured, it seems, just in time, the Cyclopean head, which will, no doubt, be on exhibition in town coincidently with the Royal Academy. There has been to my mind always something mysterious about a fore-quarter of lamb, which is often brought to table only to have the top of it instantly cut off and carried away. This can hardly be to please the eye, and certainly not the palate. It seems to be done to allay suspicion of the lamb never having had a shoulder; but why should this exist?

It is extraordinary how people whom "the wise"—that is, perhaps, the prudent, who have the fear of actions for libel before their eyes—do call "conveyancers" will continue to steal things which one would think would be of no sort of use to them. When the over-tempted collector slides your oldest gold coin into his pocket it is not, of course, with any mercenary view; nor can he in future boast himself of his possession of it. Walter Scott tells us how his letter from Byron was filched from its silver shrine by a caitiff of this kind, and wonders with what motive such an act was committed. Is it possible that the thief derives any satisfaction from locking himself in his private chamber and gloating over such plunder; that a love of art or letters can co-exist with a taste for petty larceny? The latest example of this kind is the attempt of some sacrilegious person to rob the Chicago Exhibition of the ashes of Columbus. Only after a "rough and tumble" with the janitor was he persuaded to let go of the funeral urn. Perhaps these aimless thefts can be accounted for by heredity. The man who wanted the ashes of Columbus may have been a lineal descendant of the one who stole Byron's letter to Scott.

Duels in France have always been of a good type as regards considerations of personal safety: they have been rarely associated with the effusion of blood in any serious quantity: a small hæmorrhage, such as our forefathers called "minution" and held to be wholesome, generally suffices to satisfy the claims of honour. But a still greater improvement has now been instituted—the duel by proxy. The idea is borrowed, no doubt, from the system of conscription, where a substitute can always be purchased; but a reform is no less valuable because it does not happen to be original. The only example which has yet occurred, it is true, is the case of a lady. She was a journalist, and on the author of her article being challenged her editor took up the glove—or, rather, the sword—for her; but we may take this as the thin end of the wedge. In future, when a gentleman of the Press is ignorant of the use of the pistol or the small sword, or has conscientious objections to their employment, he will have no difficulty in finding a representative (for a consideration) to do his business, or, if fortunate, the other man's business, for him. My only objection is to the idea of an editor being called upon to take the place of his contributor on the field of glory. I think the printer or registered proprietor of the periodical in fault should be made responsible, as in the case of actions for libel.

POLITICS AND LITERATURE.

BY ANDREW LANG.

A curious little war is waged in the *National Review* between Mr. Fitzroy Gardner on one side and a number of Conservative editors on the other. Mr. Gardner (as I understand him) says that Conservative papers do not "frivol" enough, or not in the most taking way; that waverers, therefore, read Radical papers for amusement, and are insensibly converted to Radicalism. Conceive one's amazement on finding that Mr. Gardner and a Conservative editor had dragged this humble scribbler into the fray, and were tossing one's name about, it is hard to say why or wherefore! Am I likely to make political converts of any sort, and, if I do, are they not apt to become Jacobites or Feudalists, rather than anything of a more Liberal and modern complexion? The whole fight seems to me to have been provoked merely for the purpose of providing "copy." Several Conservative papers seem as full of unenviable little scrappy illustrations and of tittle-tattle as their Liberal sisters. Indeed, there is often more personal and deeply uninteresting tittle-tattle than politics in the Press. The people desire to have it so, or are supposed to desire to have it so, therefore Gossip is great, and clamours in the market-place. But, even supposing that Conservative journals have better manners, and a better theory of what should and what should not be said than Liberal papers; grant, also, that Tories of feeble and deboshed intellects like twaddle and read Liberal papers, it is most improbable that their political ideas are thereby altered. It may be said that their intellectual tone will be "lowered some," and that thus they may become Liberal by a kind of senile decay. However, one may fear that a taste for "processed" portraits of nobodies, and for talk about women's bonnets and men's boots and waistcoats, and the prices got for novels and pictures, is not peculiar to either Tory or Radical, but is a common sign of national degradation.

If the question is raised about literature, about literary criticism, in political papers, it becomes a moral question. May a man who never, for many excellent reasons, writes on politics, contribute essays on any other matter to a paper which does not represent his own shade of political opinion? Is he, by so doing, winning converts from his own party? If this were so, probably many journalists could not contribute to any periodical which takes a political side. They, very likely, are not represented by any one of our many newspapers. I may agree with the *Banner* to-day, on one point; with the *Trumpet* to-morrow, on another; while not one of them, if political, is likely to try "to see things as they are." Yet this is the aim of criticism. If the theory of conversion were tenable, then an honourable man of letters—who is not a one-sided politician, or who feels that his politics would have been correct in the twelfth century but are worthless till the conditions of the twelfth century return—must abstain from earning his livelihood by literary journalism. He must not write in the *Banner*, for he is not so Radical as that paper; nor in the *Trumpet*, for he is not so violent a Conservative as the serial so named. All this would be no great loss to the Press, but it would be a considerable loss to the unlucky writer; while the public, if nothing the worse, would be nothing the better. However, the whole contention is airy and absurd. People of one newspaper, who only read a single daily journal, will choose it in harmony with their political views. Far too many people seem to pass their whole time in nothing else but reading all the newspapers. Their opinions, at all events, cannot be won to this political side or that by the articles on Nightingales, Dreams, Chub-Fishing, Ibsen, and so on, which they may happen to let their eyes wander across. These discussions, at all events—also the tattle about bonnets and boots, and similar futilities—men and women can keep apart from politics in their minds. They may not be very wise, but the water-tight compartments—so to say—in their intellects have not wholly broken down. They do not vote blue instead of red because the blue paper is better informed about the place where Sir Frederick Leighton buys his hair-brushes than the red paper. In spite of all temptations, we must not regard our drivelling fellow-creatures as absolute idiots: they are only "incurable children," as far as certain things are concerned. Probably, this set of students does not read the literary or artistic criticism which is sandwiched among the politics, so that criticism cannot corrupt or alter their valuable convictions. Then, people who have sense enough to like reading something which, at all events, is not mere babyish personal twaddle may be trusted to keep their sincere and well-reasoned political beliefs. Were these things not so, a non-political writer in the papers would have only one chance of behaving honestly. He would be compelled to pair with himself, and contribute his fascinating screeds both to the *Trumpet* and the *Banner*, both to the Tory and the Radical journal. So his influence would cancel itself, and if he made Radicals in the *Banner*, without intending it, he would, also unconsciously, make Tories in the *Trumpet*—that is, if the worthy editors of both papers lent themselves to this arrangement.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

OPENING OF THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, with the Colonies and Dependencies of this Kingdom, and Empress of India, on Wednesday, May 10, opened the new buildings, at South Kensington, of the Imperial Institute, which was founded and incorporated by royal charter in 1887, as the national memorial of the Jubilee of Queen Victoria's reign.

The plan of this Institute was laid down by the organising committee in December 1886. It comprises a permanent representation, by collections of products, both materials and manufactures, of the agricultural, commercial, and industrial resources of the British Empire, including the Colonies and the Indian dominions; the promotion of commercial museums, sample-rooms, and intelligence offices, and of information relating to trades and industries, and to emigration, for the same purposes; also the promoting of exhibitions of special trades and handicrafts and of the work of artisans and apprentices; technical and commercial instruction; the advancement of the arts and sciences; the furtherance of systematic colonisation; the holding of conferences and delivery of lectures on these topics; and facilitating business correspondence and friendly intercourse among the inhabitants of different parts of the Empire.

Collections of products have already been sent by the Governments of India, Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, Mauritius, the Canadian Provinces of Quebec, Ontario, British Columbia, and Manitoba, Victoria, Queensland, Tasmania, West Coast of Africa, Zanzibar, Cape Colony, Natal, Hong-Kong, and Malta. Collections are being sent by the Governments of New South Wales, South Australia, West Australia, British Guiana, the Windward Islands, the Leeward Islands, British Honduras, Bahamas, Bermuda, the Canadian Province of New Brunswick and the North-West Territories, and the Falkland Islands. Cases and fittings for their respective sections have been provided by the Governments of India, Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, Hong-Kong, Mauritius, the Canadian Provinces of Quebec, Ontario, British Columbia, and Manitoba, British Guiana, New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland and New Guinea, South Australia, West Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, Cape Colony, and Natal. Those for Jamaica and the Canadian Province of New Brunswick have been provided by their representatives on the Governing Body of the Institute. Curators and officers to take charge of the collections have been appointed by the Governments of India, Ceylon, the Dominion of Canada, New South Wales, Victoria, Cape Colony, and Jamaica.

The existence of these collections and of all information relating to them, as well as of a library of technology, inventions, commerce, and applied geography, and a well-equipped map room, so near to the Government Museums of Science and Inventions, Art, and Natural History, the Normal School of Science, and the Central Technical Institute, presents obvious advantages in favour of the establishment of the Imperial Institute on its site at South Kensington.

By the establishment of an educational Inquiry Branch of the Intelligence Department of the Imperial Institute, colleges and schools of applied science in all parts of the United Kingdom may be assisted, and information from all countries may be distributed to them. Measures will be adopted enabling the Inquiry Department to furnish to students coming to Great Britain from the Colonies, Dependencies, and India the requisite information and advice.

Conference-rooms have been furnished and fitted for British India; for Canada; for New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, South Australia, West Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand; for the Cape Colony and Natal; for the Straits Settlements, Mauritius, Sierra Leone, Gold Coast, Gambia, Gibraltar, Malta, Ceylon, the British North Borneo Company, and in respect of Labuan; and for the West Indies, Trinidad, Jamaica, Barbados, British Honduras, the Bahamas, and the Falkland Islands.

Situated in part of the grounds that were formerly the gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society, where the Great International Exhibition of 1862 was held, and the International Fisheries, Health, Inventions, Colonial and Indian Exhibitions took place from 1883 to 1885, the buildings of the Imperial Institute, with the galleries and courts, occupy an area of more than eight acres. They will have cost about £360,000 when entirely completed, and do much credit to the architect, Mr. Thomas E. Colcutt, and to Messrs. Mowlem and Co., the contractors. The main front building, in the Imperial Institute Road, which crosses the ground between Exhibition Road and Queen's Gate Road, is now finished, with the parallel galleries in the rear; but the Great Hall, the Library, and the Conference Hall are not yet commenced; the sum already expended is £280,000, and £80,000 more will be required. The prevailing architectural style is a free rendering of the Renaissance, with abundance of arabesque carvings and with ample mouldings, characteristic of early Italian. In the front, the most conspicuous feature is the grand portal, which is surmounted, though receding, by a large square tower, nearly 300 ft. high, with a dome-shaped cupola; the two flanking towers are 176 ft. high. The walls of these towers are 9 ft. thick. The main entrance is 17 ft. wide, 23½ ft. high, constructed

of Portland stone; in the frieze over the arch will be symbolic sculptures, with a central figure of the Queen, seated. The vestibule, of which the decorations are not yet finished, with the principal stairs, which are 21 ft. wide, form the approach to the Great Hall, which will be, when completed, a magnificent room, 128 ft. long and 60 ft. wide, with side aisles, and a musicians' gallery at the south end; the ceiling to be coffered and vaulted, the walls adorned with diverse fine British and Colonial marbles, and with panelling of Indian teak. Another stairway, from the west side of the vestibule to the upper floors, will be sumptuously decorated with marbles, mosaics, and arabesque devices of ornament. At the east end of the building will be the principal Library; at the west end will be the Conference Hall. A corridor, 12 ft. wide, with a beautiful vaulted ceiling, panelled and ornamented in arabesque, runs the whole length of the ground floor, by which the administrative departments of the Institute are reached. They comprise council room and secretarial offices, four conference halls, dedicated to the use of groups of Colonies, reading and writing rooms, a news room, and a reference library. The first floor is in part intended for the accommodation of societies which may be associated with the Institute, and several rooms adapted for small special exhibitions, also the refreshment department. Rooms for the examination of samples, and laboratories are provided on the second floor. The courts at the rear of the building may serve for promenades, or for particular temporary exhibitions. The detached east and west galleries are separated by spaces of 112 ft. from the main building, with which,

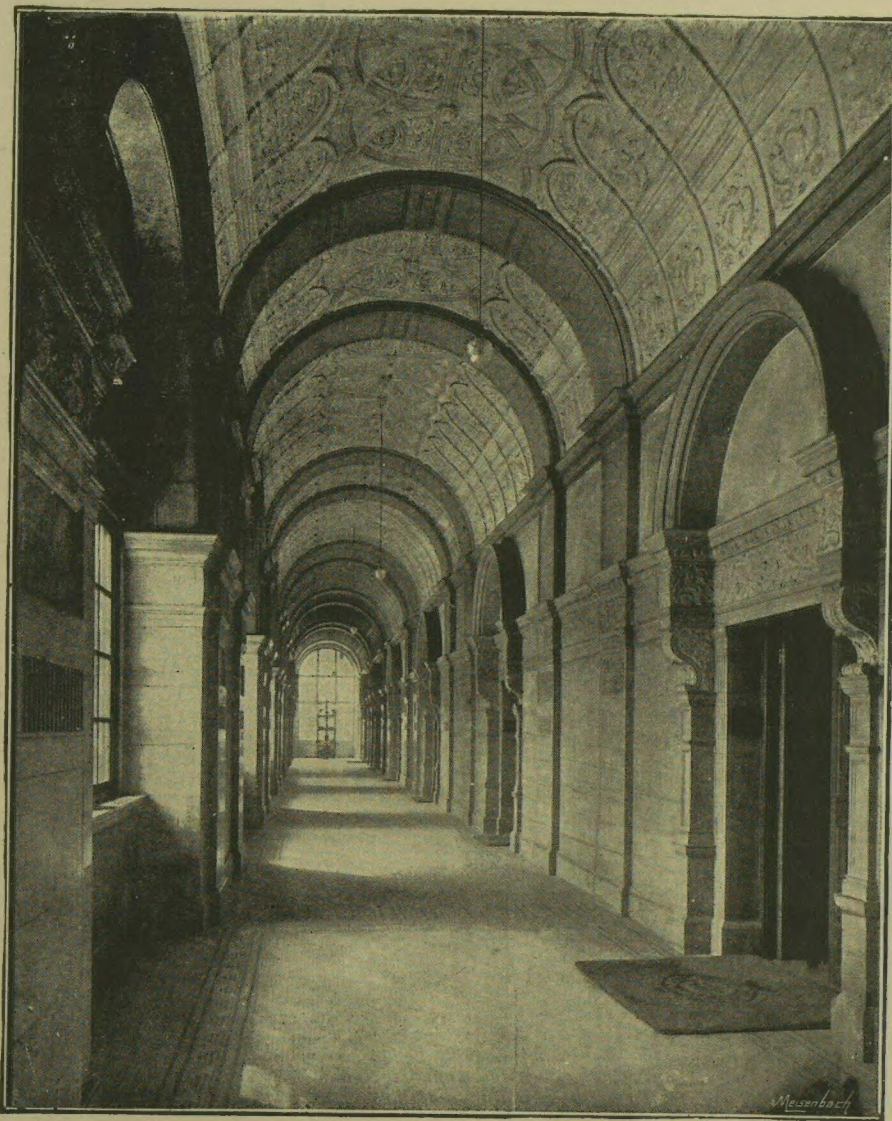
right and left against the wings of the building itself. The road here was kept by guards of honour of the Household Brigade, the Royal Marines, and the Royal Navy. The Royal Yeomen of the Guard were on duty at the main entrance and in the vestibule. On alighting from her carriage at the east entrance the Queen was received by the Prince of Wales, and was conducted through the eastern corridor to a small temporary pavilion hung with blue drapery and Indian muslin, where she rested a few minutes. Here she received Lord Herschell (the Lord Chancellor), chairman of the Governors, the members of the Executive Council, Sir Frederic Abel, the Secretary and Director, Sir J. R. Somers Vine, Assistant Secretary and Sub-Director, Mr. T. E. Colcutt, the architect, Mr. Mowlem, the contractor, and some officers of the Institute presented to her by the Prince of Wales. The Queen, having inspected the vestibule, ascended to the principal floor, where she walked in procession to the temporary Reception Hall. A flourish of trumpets by her Majesty's State trumpeters, in the porch, announced her arrival at the hall.

On the low dais at the upper end, curtained with yellowish-brown drapery festoons, adorned with the royal arms and with a suspended large imperial crown, was placed the Indian golden throne of Runjeet Singh, from Lahore. In front of this was the Queen's chair of State, with seats for the Prince of Wales and the other Princes and Princesses. The great officers and the ladies of the royal household were around them. The Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms was on duty in the hall. The floor and seats were covered with scarlet cloth, and the hall was decorated with flags. The assembly numbered about 2600 persons, gentlemen in levée dress, ladies in morning dress. Four Indian Princes in their native costume were present. The orchestra, under direction of Sir Arthur Sullivan, performed the National Anthem.

The Prince of Wales, as President, read the address of the Governors to her Majesty, who read a reply handed to her by Mr. Asquith, the Home Secretary. Sir Arthur Sullivan's new Imperial March was played. The Queen then declared the building opened, which announcement was hailed by another flourish of trumpets. The gold and jewelled key was presented to her, which she used by applying it to an electrical apparatus, giving a signal to the bell-chamber in the "Queen's tower," and a peal of fifty changes rang out from the fine bells there, presented by an Australian lady, Mrs. Millar, of Melbourne, and named after the Queen's children. A royal salute was fired by a battery of the Royal Horse Artillery in Hyde Park. The ode, by Mr. Lewis Morris, on the opening of the Imperial Institute, was recited. A benediction was pronounced by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Queen and the royal family left the building, and returned home in procession.

The gold and jewelled key presented to her Majesty for use at the opening ceremony had been made from the designs approved by the Prince of Wales. The materials have been contributed by different portions of the British Empire. The head of the key is of gold from South Africa; the silver in the star ornaments comes from the Broken Hill Mine, Australia; the stem is of gold from British Columbia; the bitt and wards are of gold from Queensland mines. The stem of the key is encircled by a riband in red gold and a wreath of laurel leaves in green gold, both from Victoria; the diamonds are from South Africa, the rubies from Burmah, the pearls from Ceylon. The design of the head is circular, with the royal and imperial crown on the summit; it contains a Maltese cross, with *fleur-de-lis* around the outer border, which joins the stem by descending curves, decorated with shields and the enamelled rose, thistle, and shamrock. The obverse shield bears the arms of the United Kingdom, the reverse those of England alone. In the centre, on one side, is the Grand Star of India upon a delicate blue riband, with the motto, "Heaven's light our guide," surrounded by flaming rays in burnished gold. On the other side is the Star of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, with the motto, "*Auspiciis melioris avi*," and the cross in red enamel. The stem of the key bears the inscription on a gold riband, "Imperial Institute: commenced 1887, inaugurated 1893." The wards of the key form the letters I.I., the initials of the "Imperial Institute," and on the rim of the key-head is inscribed the date of its presentation to "Victoria, Queen Empress." It was manufactured by Messrs. Chubb and Sons.

In comparison with the opening ceremony, it may be interesting to recall the proceedings on July 4, 1887, when the Queen laid the foundation stone of the Imperial Institute building. That act was performed in a grand pavilion, which accommodated an assembly of nearly eleven thousand persons, with a stately dais in the centre, surmounted by a splendid canopy of scarlet silk raised upon columns draped in white and scarlet, and surrounded by groups of flowers, amidst which were blocks of ice to cool the air. The seats for the most distinguished part of the company were formed in a curve, rising tier above tier, facing the Queen, and the orchestra was behind the dais. The approach was from Exhibition Road, through the entrance-hall of the former Colonial and Indian Exhibition, which was transformed into a grove of palms and other exotic plants, with a great trophy of appropriate flags, the Union Jack above all, and with a copy of Boehm's equestrian statue of the Prince of Wales designed for Calcutta. Some who remember the ceremonial of 1887 may have felt disappointed with the preparations this year.



THE PRINCIPAL CORRIDOR OF THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

however, they will be connected by colonnades along the entire front.

The opening ceremony took place in a temporary wooden pavilion, affording room, with the galleries, for an assembly of 2600 persons. This pavilion was erected on the site of the intended Reception Hall. A brief account of the proceedings can be given this week, but they will be further described in our next.

This occasion was made a royal pageant of a rather imposing aspect, so far as concerned the outdoor carriage processions, of which there were four. The first was that of the Prince of Wales, President of the Imperial Institute, accompanied by the Duke of York, Princess May of Teck, with her parents, and the Duke of Fife; the second was that of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught; the third was that of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh; and the fourth, leaving Buckingham Palace at a quarter before twelve, was that of the Queen. Her Majesty's procession consisted of six State carriages, four of which conveyed the equerries, the gentlemen and ladies in waiting, the Lords in waiting, the Maids of Honour, the Keeper of the Privy Purse, and the Mistress of the Robes; the Lord Chamberlain and the Lord Steward, with Prince Henry of Battenberg and Prince Christian, occupied the fifth carriage; but in the first, drawn by six horses, sat the Queen, with her daughters Princess Beatrice (Henry of Battenberg) and Princess Helena (Christian of Schleswig-Holstein). The route of this procession was up Constitution Hill, by Hyde Park Corner, along the south road in Hyde Park, out by Queen's Gate, and to enter the Imperial Institute Road at the west end. It was kept by troops all the way.

Opposite the whole front of the Imperial Institute building, which extends 750 ft., was a covered range of scarlet-clothed seats for many thousands of spectators; other seats, in a corresponding style, were arranged to the

INDIA AFRICA
DIEU ET MON DROIT HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE
AUSTRALIA CANADA
OPENING OF THE
IMPERIAL INSTITUTE
BY
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
FRED. WADDEY DEL.



R. Caton Woodville
STATE TRUMPETERS ANNOUNCING THE ARRIVAL OF THE QUEEN.



OPENING OF THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE: APPROACH OF THE ROYAL PROCESSION.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, whose portrait, from a recent photograph by Messrs. J. Russell and Sons, adorns our front page this week, came from Windsor to London on Monday, May 8, to the great pleasure of Londoners, went to Buckingham Palace, and in the afternoon enjoyed a drive in Hyde Park—which is better, after all, in such beautiful "Queen's weather," than the Cascine at Florence. Hundreds of visitors promptly deposited their cards at the palace. Mr. Gladstone had an interview of three-quarters of an hour with her Majesty. On Tuesday the Queen held a State Drawing-Room at Buckingham Palace. On Wednesday her Majesty performed the ceremony of opening the new building of the Imperial Institute, and in the evening returned to Windsor. Her next visit to London would be on May 15, staying two days, when a State concert would be given, before her departure to Scotland. On Saturday, May 6, the Queen inspected, in Windsor Park, the St. John's Ambulance Brigade, consisting of the colliers and other labourers employed in the collieries of Colonel Seely, M.P., in Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire, under command of Surgeon-Major Hutton, late of the Rifle Brigade, with the local commanders, Mr. S. C. Wardell and Mr. G. Fowler, who were presented to her Majesty.

On Wednesday evening, May 3, the Royal Court at

her second choice is he who was of all young men the nearest and dearest to her first betrothed—and men who have brothers, and who can love them as no other friends are loved, will understand how sacred must be the trust beyond the ordinary affections of a husband which Prince George is about to entertain. It is an incident of family life that claims on both sides the profound and reverent sympathy which is seldom bestowed on common love affairs or upon the matrimonial alliances of royal persons. Let it rightly be thought out by those who presume to form a judgment, and this view of the goodness, the reasonableness, the naturalness of the intended union will be accepted with cordial benedictions and confident anticipations for their future married life.

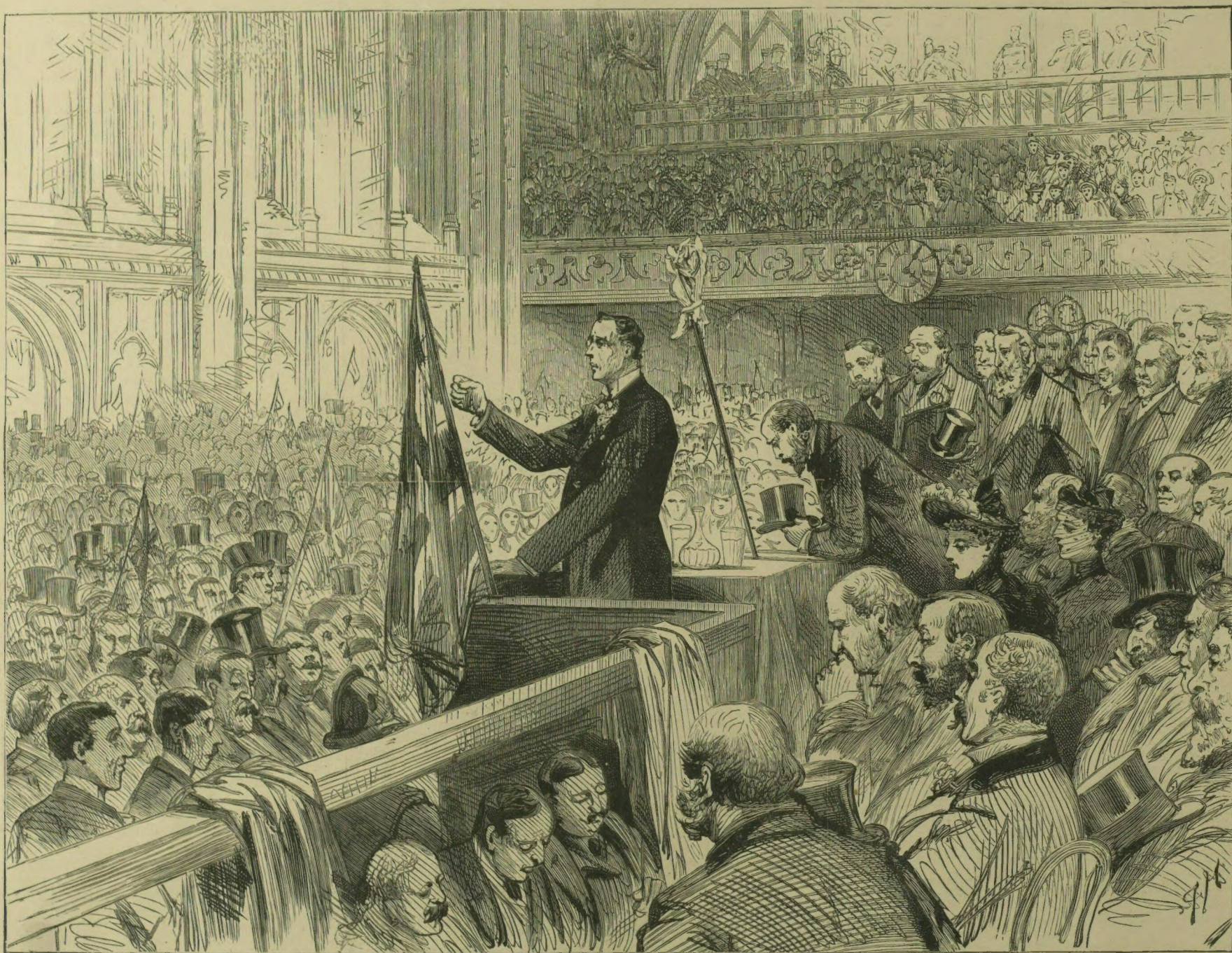
His Royal Highness Prince George—who will, let us hope, at some tolerably remote period in the twentieth century, be King George V., succeeding his father, King Albert Edward—is the second son of the Prince and Princess of Wales, born on June 3, 1865, an officer of the Royal Navy, a peer of the realm with the title of Duke of York, conferred upon him by the Queen last year, and with those of Earl of Inverness and Baron Killarney—quite a noble of the United Kingdom; he is also a Knight of the Garter. Princess Victoria Mary of Teck, soon to become his wife—and some day, but far may it be distant! to be Queen of this Kingdom, which will then, we trust, be still the United—was born on May 26, 1867.

of York was at White Lodge, Richmond Park, the residence of the Duke and Duchess of Teck and Princess May, from Friday, May 5, to the Monday; and the Prince of Wales was there with his son on the Sunday, to stay the night.

The City of London meeting, convened at Guildhall by the Lord Mayor, and held on May 3, to oppose the Irish Home Rule Bill, was made the occasion for a remarkable procession, chiefly of stockbrokers and other business men, from the Stock Exchange to Guildhall, marching through Lothbury, Gresham Street, and Basinghall Street, with the Union Jack and another flag, all the gentlemen wearing Unionist badges on their coats and hats; there was cheering and singing of "Rule Britannia," as well as "God Save the Queen," and a copy of the Home Rule Bill was burnt in the court before Guildhall. The meeting, over which the Lord Mayor presided, was highly enthusiastic; Sir R. Hanson, Sir John Lubbock, and the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain spoke, and the Court of Aldermen and Common Council were requested to petition against the Bill.

A Primrose League Meeting on Saturday, May 6, at the Metropolitan Music-hall, Edgware Road, was addressed by the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour and by Lord Randolph Churchill, in opposition to Irish Home Rule.

An immense popular meeting took place in Hyde Park on Sunday, May 7, in favour of the Eight Hours Bill.



THE CITY ANTI-HOME RULE MEETING AT GUILDHALL: MR. CHAMBERLAIN SPEAKING.

Windsor Castle was gladdened by the announcement of the betrothal of the Queen's grandson, the Duke of York, to Princess Victoria Mary of Teck, with her Majesty's consent, of which an official notification was published next morning. The Prince of Wales, on Friday evening, told the Benchers and members of the Middle Temple, in excusing the absence of his son from their dinner, that the young Prince was "just engaged to a charming young lady." We believe that since December 1891 there has been no young lady in England who has been so much in the kindest thoughts of the English people as "Princess May." At that date, and during the short period of five weeks, until the lamented death of the late Prince Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence and Avondale, the prospect of her appointed marriage with him excited the liveliest pleasure. This feeling was succeeded by the national sorrow, nay, the human sorrow, for the early and sudden ending of a life so good and full of promise as his, with another feeling that came to every heart, sympathy with his expected bride.

Yet who could have wished—who could have approved—knowing the worth of life in its spring-time of youth, the merciful medicine of time, the calming effect of rest and reflection, hallowed by affectionate remembrances of the departed, which should, in a healthy mind, enhance the capacity for tenderness among the living—that she had foregone, or had deferred for years, the natural happiness of womanhood? More than twelve months have witnessed her sincere mourning; it is enough for a maiden of any rank of any age; the object of

Either from the month of her happy birth, or because her mother, Princess Mary Adelaide of Cambridge, was usually spoken of as "Princess Mary" before her husband, Prince Alexander of Teck, became the Duke of Teck (a Würtemberg principality) this young lady has always been called "Princess May." It is a very pretty little name, but she must be married as "Victoria Mary," if not with her full baptismal complement, "Victoria Mary Augusta Louise Olga Pauline Claudine Agnes." She has three brothers. Princess May, by her birth on the mother's side, is a thorough Englishwoman; as Prince George of Wales, Duke of York, is a thorough Englishman. Some of us may like the match all the better for that.

The wedding of the Duke of York and Princess May is thought likely to take place in the private chapel of Buckingham Palace about the end of June or the beginning of July. The Queen, who goes to Balmoral on May 19, will return to Windsor about June 23. The Princess of Wales and her two unmarried daughters, taking leave of the King and Queen of Greece at Athens on May 2, and proceeding in the royal yacht Osborne on their cruise in the Mediterranean, were at Malta on May 6, left Malta for Venice, and were expected to return to England within less than a week. Their Royal Highnesses will accompany the Prince of Wales to Eaton Hall on June 19. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh came from Devonport to London on Monday, May 8, to be present at the opening of the Imperial Institute. The Duke

There were two street processions from the City, one going along Holborn and Oxford Street, the other by way of Westminster and St. James's Park.

The conflict at Hull between the dock labourers on strike and the Shipowners' Federation is continued with apparently increasing bitterness. There have been further attempts to damage property; one man was actually seen to throw an incendiary missile into a yard where large quantities of petroleum were stored. The Bristol dock strike has ended.

The Reichstag at Berlin, the Diet or Parliament of the German Federal Empire, on Saturday, May 6, by a majority of forty-eight, comprising the bulk of the Radical party, the Social Democrats, and the "Ultramontane" Roman Catholics, rejected the Bills for the augmentation of the German Army, with the amendment proposed by Baron von Huene and accepted by the Imperial Government. This is a great political defeat for the Emperor William II. and the Imperial Chancellor, Count von Caprivi, who have thereupon immediately dissolved the Reichstag, and a general election takes place on June 15, the result of which must be contemplated with great anxiety.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.
MAY 13, 1893.

Thick Edition	3s.
Thin Edition	1½s.

Newspapers for abroad may be posted at any time, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

PERSONAL.

The recent elections to the Royal Academy have invited comments among the artists and art-critics which will bear further consideration.

Mr. John MacWhirter, R.A., who was born in 1839, and became an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy at the age of twenty-three, has long been a regular exhibitor in London of Scottish landscape pictures, and his last year's work, "Early Summer in the Tyrol," was a decided success; he has been an A.R.A. since 1879. Mr. Henry Woods, R.A., a native of Warrington, trained at South Kensington, became an Associate in 1882; he has, since 1876, devoted himself to Venetian subjects, residing mainly in that city, and studying the canals and the gondoliers. Mr. Henry Moore, R.A., belonging to a family of highly gifted artists, has been painting and exhibiting for thirty years past; he is great in blue seas and cloudy skies. We may here notice also the qualities of the new Associate, Mr. J. W. North, A.R.A. He comes of a West-country family, and, as regards country life, is in painting very much what Richard Jefferies was in writing. He loves its infinite variety, its intricacies, and its subtleties. He had for his contemporary, and in a degree for his pupil, the late Mr. Fred Walker, and consequently he is now upwards of fifty-five years of age.

The arrival in England, on his return home, of Lord Roberts, late Commander-in-Chief of the Army in India, has been greeted with emphatic expressions of public esteem. We have no military man now living in whom more confidence is felt, whether as a leader in the field—to which, we nevertheless hope, he will not again be called by an important war—or as an organiser and official administrator; the time may come for his appointment to be Commander-in-Chief at home. His Lordship, landing at Dover on Saturday, May 6, was presented with an address by the Mayor and Corporation, and at the Victoria Station, London, met with a cordial welcome from many friends, among whom were the Duke of Connaught, Sir Donald Stewart, and other officers who have served in India. He is to receive fresh City of London honours at Guildhall.

The Queen, upon the occasion of opening the Imperial Institute, has conferred the Grand Cross of the Bath on Lord Herschell; a baronetcy on Sir Frederic Abel, K.C.B.; and the order of C.M.G. on Sir Somers Vane.

Sir James Anderson has not very long survived the break-up of the Great Eastern, with which famous vessel he was so conspicuously associated. It was in 1866 that Sir James received the distinction of knighthood when he was in command of the great steam-ship in which he successfully laid the first Atlantic cable. Captain Anderson was an excellent seaman, and a very simple unobtrusive member of his profession. It is said of him that his knighthood came upon him with a shock of surprise, and it certainly made not a particle of difference in his unaffected manners. Before the achievement of the telegraphic cable, James Anderson had been commander of one of the Cunard steamers. Born

in 1824, a native of Dumfries, he entered the mercantile marine at sixteen, and quitted it after the Great Eastern and the cable had brought him into distinction. He entered business, and was for some time managing director of the Eastern Telegraph Company, but his public life really ended on the day the electric communication between the two hemispheres was established.

The Lord Mayor of London's pardonable error, in point of form—assuredly not for want of loyalty—when he proposed "The Holy Father and the Queen" at a Mansion House banquet to a company of Roman Catholics, was discussed by the Court of Aldermen on Tuesday, May 9; a resolution was passed, on the motion of Alderman Sir W. Lawrence, expressing regret at this departure from custom, and the Lord Mayor frankly apologised, saying that he had never meant to place the Pope above the "civil and temporal position" of the Queen.

Sport, as it is understood in India, not in England, has claimed a distinguished victim in Sir James Dormer, late Commander-in-Chief in Madras. General Dormer was tiger-hunting, and had an accident very similar to that which once befell Sir Edward Bradford, the Chief Commissioner of Police. Sir Edward fired at his tiger, and failed to kill him. The brute then gnawed the sportsman's arm, and Sir Edward bore the torture like a stoic till help came. In the same way General Dormer, in stalking a tiger, came suddenly on the animal, which was slightly wounded, and attacked its pursuer. General Dormer's dogs drew off the tiger, but the beast returned to its prey, and the unfortunate officer was so badly injured that he died. Brother and heir of the present Baron Dormer, he served through the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny, and in 1860 he accompanied the expeditionary force to China, and was present at the capture of the Taku Forts. In 1882 he was in Egypt, and took part in both the decisive engagements of the campaign, Kassassin and Tel-el-Kebir. In 1885 he commanded a brigade of the Nile Expedition. In the two succeeding years Sir James Dormer was in command of the Dublin district, and was transferred to Egypt in 1887, as Commander-in-Chief of the British force of occupation. In 1890 he assumed the chief military post in Madras, and was little more than sixty years of age at the time of his lamentable end.

Society has lost one of its most notable ornaments by the death of Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury; indeed, there are many circles which for a long time will find it difficult to realise that one of the brightest, kindest spirits they have ever known is no longer with them. "Lady A." as she was familiarly called, just as Mr. Gladstone is known as "Mr. G.," never seemed to grow really old, though she was born in the same year as the Prime Minister. She resembled that illustrious man in several ways, especially in the extraordinary accuracy of her memory. Nobody told stories with a more perfect appreciation not only of the point but of the minutest details. It was the pleasant custom among her friends to allot to her at a dinner party the youngest man of the company as her cavalier, and there is probably many a young man who is confessing to himself that the dinner-table can never sparkle as it was wont to do now "Lady A." is gone. Almost to the last this indefatigable veteran travelled everywhere, and never missed a social "function" which would be incomplete without her vivacity and kindly humour. Lady Ailesbury was the youngest daughter of the Hon. Charles Tollemache, of Harrington, Northamptonshire, and she was the second wife of the first Marquis of Ailesbury, who died in 1856.

OUR PORTRAITS.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Walery, Regent Street, W., for the portrait of the late Marchioness of Ailesbury; to Messrs. Barrard, of Oxford Street, W., for that of the late Sir James Anderson; to Mr. Alex. J. Grossman, 16, Seargate Street, Dover, for that of Lord Roberts; and to Messrs. Day and Son, of Bournemouth, for that of Mr. J. W. North, A.R.A.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

"Sir," said Mr. Chamberlain, "I am as cool as a cucumber." The phrase is not exactly original, but, considering the circumstances in which it was uttered, it was likely to become historic. Mr. Chamberlain is a man of surprises. He intervened in a scene which had been distinguished by one of Lord Randolph's most volcanic utterances. Mr. Morley had put the closure on the first amendment to the Home Rule Bill, and Lord Randolph, who was ready with a little speech on that amendment, was righteously angry. So volcanic was his excitement that the various eruptions were watched with some anxiety both by friend and foe. Lord Randolph struggled with his vowels and also with his consonants. The emotion which surged in his bosom made him almost inarticulate. Resounding bangs on the table—that unfortunate table!—made his utterance lame and impotent by contrast. Mr. Gladstone sat forward, listening intently, and Mr. Asquith sat back with that smiling calm which, among other things, marks him as a personal force. Then Mr. Gladstone rose, and in his blandest manner declined to catch the infection of the noble Lord's excitement. It was one of the Prime Minister's best nights. Some time earlier he had made a delightful reply to Mr. Darling—Mr. Charles Darling ("Charlie is my Darling" hummed Mr. Balfour in a subdued tenor), who had moved the amendment on which Lord Randolph wanted to liberate his soul. It was about the imperial supremacy. Well, Mr. Gladstone had toyed with Mr. Darling; he had toyed, too, with Mr. Chamberlain, who proposed to postpone all the clauses up to clause nine, and it was pretty to see Mr. Chamberlain's enjoyment of the old man's fun. Mr. Darling said that the Prime Minister had a habit of making himself unintelligible. This was a sad reputation to have, said Mr. Gladstone, in a tone of deep humility; but presently the member for Deptford rose to explain. The Prime Minister had misunderstood him. "Indeed!" came the swift retort, "then it seems I am not the only man who fails to make himself clear." And the whole House shouted with glee over the sally.

But, as I have said, Lord Randolph was very much in earnest. This iniquitous Government had actually put the closure on a number of eminent persons who were waiting for the opportunity to express their opinions. Was this tyranny to be endured? Let Ministers beware. They were silencing argument by brute force, but a time would come! Mr. Gladstone declined to take these heroics seriously, and with an air of compassion inquired whether the noble Lord really believed that he could intimidate him. "If so, I do not think he will succeed," added the Premier dryly, and the Ministerial benches shook with uproarious cheers. Then Mr. Chamberlain stepped in, and his manner was an even stronger antidote to Lord Randolph's febrile outburst than Mr. Gladstone's. The Irish party raged together, but Mr. Chamberlain was perfectly cool. Points of order popped around him like champagne corks. Mr. Mellor explained that it was not in order to discuss the closure which had just been imposed, but Mr. Chamberlain adroitly couched his complaint in the subjunctive mood. Suppose his right honourable friend the member for Bodmin were to make an unanswerable speech—every Unionist speech is unanswerable in Mr. Chamberlain's judgment—and suppose no Minister rose to reply, and suppose the Chief Secretary "danced up with the closure," was this to be regarded as free discussion? This picture of Mr. Morley dancing tickled the House mightily, but suddenly there was a furious uproar. The Irish members had jeered at Mr. Chamberlain, and he retorted by suggesting that they had been "squared." Then came one of those tempests which spring up as suddenly in the House of Commons as on an Italian lake. Mr. Parker Smith was discovered with flaming visage, pointing a trembling hand at Mr. Byles. What had happened? At first I had an apprehension that Mr. Byles had done violence to Mr. Parker Smith's person. But the trouble was even worse than that. A lull in the uproar enabled me to catch the awful indictment. "The honourable member for Shipley," cried Mr. Parker Smith in appalling accents, "called out to my right honourable friend, 'How much would it take to square you?'" On this the Unionists shouted for Mr. Byles's blood, and the storm went on without abatement for several minutes. "The honourable member must withdraw that expression," said the Chairman when he could make himself heard. But Mr. Byles took another view. When Mr. Chamberlain had withdrawn his "insult" to the Irish party Mr. Byles would withdraw his interjection, and this display of independence drew wild huzzas from the Irish gentlemen. Mr. Gladstone gave his countenance to this construction of the situation, amidst angry cries from the Opposition of "Support the Chair!" which became more indignant in another sense when Mr. Mellor, abandoning his rebuke of Mr. Byles, mildly suggested that the incident had better "drop." Mr. Chamberlain, who throughout this disturbance had serenely inspected his notes, proceeded to finish his speech, after an amiable hint that his price for being "squared" was a great deal more than Mr. Byles could afford to pay.

The second night of the Committee on the Home Rule Bill marked a reaction from this tumultuous opening. Ministers seemed fairly well satisfied with their work. They had seen sixteen instructions to the Committee ruled out by the Speaker, and four amendments massacred by the Chairman. Another amendment had mysteriously vanished from the paper, and two more were defeated in the Division Lobby. But the House remained in the middle of the first clause. As for the speeches, the palm for humour belonged to Colonel Sanderson, who depicted a "hungry Irish Executive floating on a sea of whisky"—whisky, whisky everywhere, and not a drop to eat! The gallant Colonel did not conceal his disdain for all attempts to amend this Bill, which, in his judgment, was already dead. "We are holding an oratorical wake over the body," he said, much to the diversion of Mr. Morley, who always listens to Colonel Sanderson with the air of a man who throws off the cares of State, and gives himself up to rollicking enjoyment. This readiness to be amused is one of the redeeming virtues of political life.



MR. J. W. NORTH, A.R.A.



THE LATE GENERAL SIR JAMES DORMER.



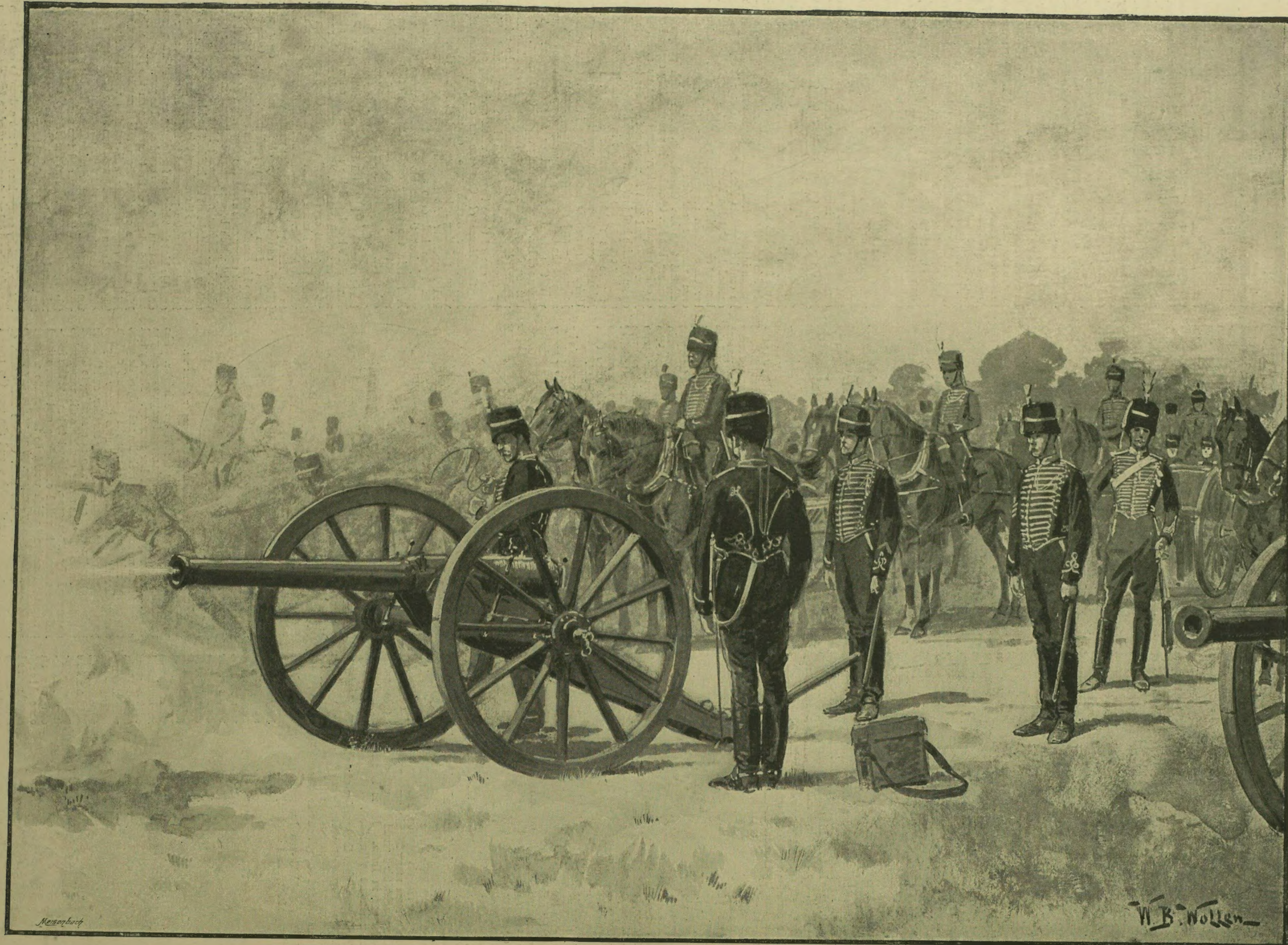
LORD ROBERTS.



THE LATE MARIA, MARCHIONESS OF AILESBUURY.



THE LATE SIR JAMES ANDERSON.



OPENING OF THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE: ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY FIRING A SALUTE IN HYDE PARK.

THE REBEL QUEEN

By
WALTER BESANT.



CHAPTER XXV.

Change
Into something rich and
strange.

HAVE just received your letter, Francesca—the only letter you have written to me since you came here—the only letter. Faithless!”

“Forgive me, Harold. I have broken my promise, I know. I promised I

would go on writing as I used to do. But”——

“But what, Francesca? Have I unwittingly offended?”

“No, no. How could you offend me, Harold? We are only offended with people whom we do not trust. It is—how long?—a fortnight since I last wrote to you. Many things may happen in a fortnight. Oh! how many things have happened to me? I have so much to tell, and yet I find it so hard to tell anything.”

“Tell me what you like, Francesca. Let us get out of this little box of a room.” They were in the little parlour-music-breakfast-dining-study-studio room, and it was about seven in the evening, but Nelly had no pupils. “Let us get where we can talk. I observed through the back door a large and pleasantly airy burial ground. Shall we go and sit among the tombs?”

“Come into the garden. Emanuel will be there presently. We walk there every evening. In the mornings, if it is fine, the garden is his workshop. He loves to sit in the sun. But, indeed, it is not much bigger than this room.”

“It is a little brighter, anyhow,” said Harold, in the garden. “How wonderfully such a little slip of ground as this, with its creepers, and vines, and green leaves, lights up these little, ordinary, grey brick houses! There may be romance even in such a commonplace street as this. To be sure, you are here, which ought to be romance enough for me.”

“There is romance in this very house. For here lives a girl in love with a young man. It is the play of Juliet and Romeo. Juliet ought not to think of Romeo because he belongs to another faction. Juliet’s father is a very strict follower of his own faction. Juliet will be cut off from all her people of that faction if she marries Romeo. Juliet is completely bound and chained by love for Romeo. Unfortunately all the romance is on her side, because Romeo isn’t worth her. Romeo is a vulgar, conceited, and selfish young man. But she loves him and worships him, and she will be his slave. That seems to be all the happiness she desires.”

“Have we factions here—Capulets and Montagus?”

“There are Jews and Christians. What else is wanted to make a faction? If she marries him she must leave her people and her friends. She will be a castaway. Yet she will marry him—I am sure she will. Harold, I begin to think that love is a terrible passion—it makes people do the most foolish and the most wonderful things.”

“It is, indeed, a terrible passion,” said Harold, gravely. “Let us pray to be delivered from it.”

“Nelly loves this man”—Francesca apparently did not appreciate the humour of this remark, for she went on, gravely considering Nelly’s case—“she loves this little Clerk, and she will give up everything for him, father, cousins, friends—everything. And for her he gives up nothing.”

“Perhaps,” said Harold, “you exaggerate the superiority of the young lady. My own experience, which is limited in a matter so delicate, rather teaches me that like mates with like. I should think that she will not be so much pained as you are by the vulgarity, and will accept the selfishness as part of man’s nature. Give the average man the chance—that is—power over anybody, and he becomes selfish naturally and immediately. And so you amuse yourself with watching a love-story?”

“I do a great deal more. Harold, I am very glad I came here—you know it was Clara’s suggestion. She wanted to take me away from my own room and my own thoughts. I had grown unhappy. I know not why. The old things pleased me no longer. Something jarred. I was out of sympathy with my mother—and everything. Oh! It has been the greatest possible change. No one would believe that such a change could have fallen upon one. I wonder if it will last.”

“What kind of change has it been?” Harold asked seriously.

“I understand so much more, to begin with. You see, Harold, you know us so well that you can understand—we have had no ties to connect us with the world. My mother severed all those ties when she left my father. So that the whole world has been to me like a masquerade played below the hotel windows for my amusement. I never found out how

unreal things were until you,” she hesitated for a moment and then went on frankly, meeting his eyes, “until you put a question to me—which made me—afterwards—ask myself all kinds of questions.”

“I am devoutly grateful then,” said Harold.

“Another reason was the fact that we are so horribly rich—that separates us from everybody else. Other rich people have estates, lands, relations, dependants, tenants, labourers—all kinds of responsibilities and duties and obligations. They are bound to the land and to the people. We have got just a massive lump of gold, which is alive, and grows like a tree, only without any beauty. It is bulbous in shape and puts forth every year new bulbs, we cut off two or three and leave the rest, fresh bulbous growths every year—when will it stop?”

It had stopped that very day, only Francesca knew it not. At that very moment Mr. Adelbert Angelo was speeding on

his way to Paris, to make such inquiries as might be possible to save something out of the wreck.

“Responsibilities may easily be assumed, Francesca.”

“Yes, if you know things. Not if you are outside the world. Why, Harold, I have been nearly four years in England, and I know nothing. I have been three years at Newnham, yet English life—all of it—from the Queen to the pauper, has been utterly unknown to me, till I came here and saw with my own eyes the world that works.”

“Again, I am devoutly grateful. There is nothing I have wished for you so much, Francesca, as that you should escape from your hothouse and understand the world of actuality, not that of theory.”

“And then there is more in this house than a love story. There is a Prophet here as well.”

“You mean Emanuel. Yes, Francesca, if great thoughts make a Prophet, Emanuel is a Prophet. Does he make your



“We will all three go away together. We will have a splendid time; and we will never come back.”

heart to glow, and your cheek to burn, and your pulse to beat, Francesca, when he talks to you?"

"Oh! I have never seen a man like him—I have never dreamed of such a man! I come into the garden in the morning, while he works at his panel, and he talks to me. He reads my thoughts; he knows what I want him to tell me. He speaks of the greatness of Israel—his country and"—she checked herself—"the glories of his people; the freedom of him who works with his hands; the contempt of riches—there is really (though nobody would believe it) one man in the world who wants no money. When he talks I am lifted out of myself. I forget everything. I know not where I am until he stops, and I return to earth again."

"He is a Prophet, Francesca. He should have been a great chemist but for some domestic sorrow that drove him abroad. His heart is made for love, and he is a lonely man. Therefore he is restless, and cannot stay long in one place. He has come over here in order to communicate some wonderful secret—I know not what. It may be a chemical discovery; it may be a philosophic maxim. Well, it is not his discovery that I want, but his conversation. I think when he goes away again that I shall go with him for awhile. He shall carve in wood, and I will learn some other useful craft—the mending of shoes—say, so that we shall keep ourselves, if only on a modest crust, and wander from place to place, making observations. You should have heard the observations he made when he travelled with me up the valley of the Euphrates! If I had only written them down, every evening!"

"I wish he would take me, too," said Francesca. "I should like nothing better. I am strong; I can walk; or perhaps you would let me have a donkey. And I will learn some useful craft for my own maintenance—say, the stringing of beads. And we will make him talk to us all day long."

"We will all three go away together. We will have a splendid time; and we will never come back. We will wander among the Arabs. You have been with them; so have I; so has Emanuel. I will become—with you—a son of Ishmael."

"There are other strange creatures in this strange place, Harold. There is a gentleman—I mean really a gentleman—who has been a sailor before the mast, and is now editor of a Labour paper—Emanuel knows him too. He publishes every week a paper for working men, which, if they would only read it and obey, would turn the working world into a Garden of Eden. He is half-sailor, half-editor. His eyes look far off, like a sailor's; his fingers are inky, like an editor's; he is a gentle creature, like a sailor; and he has a horrible wife. Perhaps all editors do not have horrible wives. This dreadful person gets drunk every day. Sometimes she opens the window and screams; sometimes she rolls about the floor and screams. Her husband only says that he wanted to have the common lot, and that he has got it. His son is Nelly's lover, but between father and son—what a difference!"

"You shall take me to see this converted sailor. Is he a Socialist?"

"No. He only preaches to working men righteousness and truth and unselfishness. They are not popular doctrines, and, in fact, nobody heeds him. Perhaps," said Francesca, not often satirical, "these qualities are too common about here to want any advocacy."

"Doubtless," said Harold. "Everywhere these things are weeds. Hence the universal happiness."

"I like him, Harold. He is such a gentle, kindly creature, with manners almost as good as Emanuel's."

"Emanuel is, if he pleases, a Grandee of Spain. He inherits hundreds of years of good manners."

They were walking up and down the narrow garden. Francesca at this point stopped suddenly. Naturally, therefore, her companion stopped as well.

"Harold, Emanuel not only taught me things that I can never forget, but he has told me something besides, that will—that must—change the whole current of my future life."

"What is that?"

"Turn round, Harold. Stand opposite to me, face to face. Will you answer one question truly?"

"Truly, Francesca." He stood as she desired.

"Harold, you have known me a long time; we have been great friends always. Tell me, to what Race, what People, do I belong?"

He hesitated. "You have told me yourself, often."

"Let me hear the truth," she repeated.

"Then, you are a Jewess."

"You have known that all along?"

"All along from the very beginning. From the time when you were a girl of fourteen or so."

"And you have known all along that we have called ourselves Spanish Moors?"

"Certainly."

"Oh! I am ashamed. Why did my mother invent that story?"

"Do not think hard things about your mother, Francesca. She separated from her husband. She would not obey him. You told me this yourself. Therefore, she separated from all her people. She went so far as to deny them. She would not even acknowledge that she was a Jewess. She called you—if not herself—a Moor by descent. She said your father was a Spanish Moor; that would account for the Oriental type of your face."

"I never knew till yesterday."

"Of course you did not know. You so frankly believed in the story—you were so proud of it—that no one dared to tell you the truth. Besides, it was your mother's wish that you should be kept in ignorance."

"You knew—everybody knew—the people who come to the house, the girls at Newnham. Oh! what must they think of me? I am ashamed, Harold. I feel as if I never could go back to those people. I am sick with shame. How did you know me?"

"By your face. It is a very beautiful face, Francesca, and it is in no way disfigured, believe me, by the Seal of your People, which glorifies it."

"Emanuel told me. Yesterday—only yesterday. For the first time in my life I learned the truth. I am a Jewess. We stood before the glass, Nelly and I, and I saw, all in a moment, like a revelation, what you call the Seal of the People. Oh! There is no doubt. I saw it all over my face. But it shone like a Glory, Harold."

"Why should it not be a Glory?"

"Emanuel is teaching me to be proud of my race—as proud as he is himself. I have seen their worship—before I learned the truth—their worship of rejoicing and of praise. It moved me to the heart, even then, before I learned the truth. I have seen them in their houses—the old men, and the daughters, and the grand-daughters. Oh! and I have seen them patient in their poverty. Oh! their dreadful, grinding poverty. I am learning—I have everything to learn—but I am changed already, Harold. That is what I had to say to you—I am changed—I am no longer your old friend. She lived in a hothouse, surrounded by conventional things she called Art. She talked unreal stuff about women. They have made me real, because they have brought me to the world that is so real. Your old friend is dead and gone, Harold. As for her successor"—

"And the World of Woman, Francesca? Have you yet made any voyages of discovery in the World of Woman? Are you still among those who would set her free? Answer, Vashti. Answer, Rebel Queen!"

He laughed, but his eyes were serious, and his words were a command.

"The World of Woman?"—she turned her head. "The World of Woman?—I am a Jewess now, Harold."

"And the World of Woman, Vashti?"

"Call me no more Vashti. She was a Babylonian. I am a Jewess."

"And the Jewish women, Francesca?" he persisted.

"They obey their husbands, Harold"—she dropped her voice and hung her blushing head. "They are happy because they obey the men they love!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

Toujours, toujours,
Tourne la terre où moi je cours
Toujours, toujours, toujours, toujours.—Béranger.

I do not know what would have happened after this avowal but for an interruption. Harold opened his lips to speak—his hand was ready—his eyes were ready—but he stepped back, for at that moment Emanuel himself appeared at the garden door—the setting sun lighting up his face. He was accompanied by the Editor of the *Friend of Labour*, Mr Hayling. What followed after this effectually, for the time, drove all thoughts of wooing out of this young couple's heads.

Emanuel stepped forward and greeted Harold gravely. "I am glad you have come," he said. "Francesca told me you were coming. I am glad, Harold, because the time has come when I must tell you what I have to tell—the reason why I came to England." He paused, and looked around as if wondering when to begin. Then he remembered his companion and introduced him. "This is my friend Anthony, whom I knew many years ago. Then we looked forward. Now we look back. But we must never cease to look forward—never, Anthony." He laid his hand on his friend's shoulder. "What? You then wanted the Common Lot. You have had it. Your prayers are granted."

"Ay." The man named Anthony, the man with the far-off eyes, had something of a despondent air—the poor man, indeed, was fresh from a prolonged struggle with his wife; a struggle in which the furniture suffered and the neighbours assisted. She was now enjoying the rest that falls soon or late upon those who are filled with strong drink. "Ay," said Anthony, "the Common Lot! I ought to be satisfied. The Common Lot! When it is over, what is there to show for it? Yet I wanted it."

"But for Anthony and this child here," Emanuel continued, "I should have communicated the thing before. They have given me other things to think about. Not that my Discovery has ever left my thoughts for a moment. But I put it aside. Now, however, the time has come, I must say what I have to say and go wandering again. I am a nomad—a gypsy—I must wander, I am constrained to wander by the restless spirit within. Let me tell you what I have to tell; we will talk awhile about it, and then I will go."

"We are ready to listen, Emanuel," said Harold.

"I will tell it in the presence of these two as well as you. My Discovery affects Man and Woman now, and in the ages to come. You, Harold, shall stand for Man, Francesca for Woman."

Now, while he was speaking the sun went down beyond the burial ground, and there arose the western glow and spread over a third of the sky. While he continued to speak that glow began to fade into the soft twilight of summer, and the colour in the sky and the twilight alike suited the grave words of his discourse.

"I have this Thing to tell you. It is a Thing which fills my soul. I would lay it as a burden upon your shoulders, Two, at least, are young, and one is wise. I have told you that it is a great Thing, a wonderful Thing, that I have discovered. It is a Thing which most certainly will change the world and that for benefits and blessings which my brain is too feeble to grasp or to imagine. I have glimpses, I have snatches, but in part only. You who are young shall take it into your keeping, to divulge it as you please, and to understand what the Thing will do. Having given it into your keeping, I will go."

He spoke solemnly and slowly. The exordium made his companions feel as if they were standing before the porch of a great Temple. Francesca, for her part, was ready to see the doors opened, and to obey an invitation to step within. The place—the slip of a garden, sixteen feet wide by thirty long, although it was bright with green—the greenery that flourishes in a London garden—was hardly like the Porch of a Temple. It was also incongruous that Nelly's pupil had arrived,

and that from her room proceeded the tum-tum of a banjo. The notes were musical and dulcet, but they should have been the rolling of the organ. And when four persons meet for solemn consultation it is disturbing to have two boys in the next house quarrelling. One of them from the secure retreat of an upper chamber, was hurling names at his antagonist below. "T-T-T-T-om," he stammered, "you're a c-c-c-c-arrotty Thief!"

"Shall we talk here?" Emanuel went on. "It is but a little garden, but it is better than a little room. Besides, it opens upon this broad place—a burial-place, a place of tombs—what our People, who still preserve a remnant of their old poetic feeling, call the 'City of the Living'; yet they know not what they mean. City of the Living, truly. And around us, with its streets and houses, spreads the City of the Dead. Yet you know not what that means."

"Let us talk here, Emanuel," said Francesca. There was a bench placed against the wall, with a little wooden table at the side convenient for a gentleman's pipe or glass. The girl sat upon this, while the other two stood. Emanuel leaned his elbow on the wall, which was only breast high, and looked over the broad expanse of headstones.

"The City of the Living," he repeated. "And they do not know what they mean."

"Let us talk here, Emanuel," repeated Francesca.

"We spoke, Harold, the other day of a certain conversation we had together—in the Desert. It pleased me to think that you should still remember the words of such a man as myself. Do you also remember a certain evening when we stood on the seashore beside the ruins of Tyre?"

"I remember. You were talking of the future of the world. One thinks best of the future, somehow, in presence of the past."

"Again let us believe that we are in presence of the past. Whether the dead are those of three thousand years ago, as at Tyre; or those of yesterday, as here, it is the same. They are dead; all that is dead belongs to the past."

Harold perceived that his friend's face wore a certain look which he remembered of old—a look with exultation in it—and purpose and thought.

"There are times," Emanuel went on, "when one must speak. He who works alone and thinks alone presently lights upon things—thoughts—discoveries—which he cannot choose but communicate to someone. When you and I, my friend, first began to talk I had many things to say—they were the result of long and solitary meditations—but to the Bedouin around me I could say nothing, because they could comprehend nothing. When I had told you what I had to say the brain was cleared. It is strange—a man discovers something—a law—a principle—the control of a Force; until he has told this Discovery he can attempt no other work; when he has given it away he keeps it still: but his brain is cleared, he can go on. What I have to tell you, my friends, concerns a Discovery which will be reckoned, from the moment when it is divulged, one of the great things in the world's history. I have given it to you already, Harold. You have it set down in writing. It is in that sealed packet in your keeping."

Now, since Emanuel opened up the matter, Harold had naturally been thinking over the thing with a 'anguid curiosity. Knowing the nature of the man and his philosophy, ever dreamy, he supposed that his wonderful Discovery amounted to some social nostrum—some humanitarian maxim. He came, therefore, prepared to receive the nostrum, and to observe the confidence of an enthusiast.

"Let us all hear, Emanuel, what it is."

"Presently—presently." He looked out again upon the tombstones, and began in a gentle voice and in short sentences, as if remembering things bit by bit. "We were standing, Harold, beside the sea-shore; before us were the glittering waves, above us the moon, behind us the fragments of the ancient civilisation—once that of my forefathers, for it was part and parcel of the Hebrew civilisation. We talked—we talked—my heart was opened. You constrained me to speak, it is your gift is to make men speak. The opening of the heart of man is like the opening of the Holy of Holies."

"I remember that night perfectly."

"I told you many things—you were young—it is a great happiness to pour ideas into a young man's brain."

"Has your Discovery anything to do with what you then discovered?"

"Nothing. Everything. You shall see—I should not wonder—wait a little."

Again he paused. Then a very strange thing happened to two at least of his listeners. Once before the same thing had happened to one of them. It was on that evening when Harold stood with Emanuel, with the ruins on one side and the sea on the other. For, then the surroundings vanished suddenly. The sea-shore, the ruins, the crashing of the waves—they all vanished, and the speakers were left alone in space.

Here the same thing happened again. The voices of the street became silent: its footsteps were hushed. The impatient banjo stopped, the two quarrelling boys were heard no more: the houses, the little garden, the enclosing walls, all vanished. Francesca, comparing notes later on with Harold, declared that the same thing had happened to her. Looking into the face of the speaker, she saw nothing but what he told her to see. She heard nothing but his voice, and what he wished her to hear.

"Let us stand," said Emanuel, "in the Burial Place of all the Dead since the world began."

Francesca looked around. She seemed to see a vast plain, stretching out in all directions to the horizon. There were no trees, no hills, no signs of man; the plain was covered with innumerable little grave-mounds, as an old man's face is marked with innumerable lines and crows' feet. There were no birds; grey clouds covered the sky; it was evening; the breeze was chill. That she should be standing in such a place did not seem strange. She was there to learn something; she seemed to herself to look around. And she listened.

"All the Dead," Emanuel repeated solemnly—"all the Dead since the world began are here. It is hundreds of thou ands of years since Man appeared. Here are millions and millions of those who have lived and died. Here is their dust; their works are our inheritance. This you know. We are the heirs, you say, of all the ages. But listen. The bones and dust which lie around us are more than the remains of dead men past and gone. They are all that is left of the shells which once were ourselves. These are not the Dead; they are the shells which once belonged to those who are living now. We are ourselves the Dead. The Living are those who have been, who are, and are to come. There are no Dead. Generation follows generation; each seems different from its predecessor: the generations have no memory of the past, but they are the same. There are no Dead. Those who die do but change their shells. Perhaps—it may be—there is a conscious space of rest. This I know not. Perhaps we sleep awhile; I know

when or where, under what guise, the soul will reappear; perhaps in our grandsons: perhaps in strange guise; in a distant land; one may inherit the wisdom of the East or the craft of the West; one may be a Malay, a Chinese, a Polynesian, a negro. Whatever we are, ours is the inheritance of the world as we ourselves have made it. We work, we gather, or we spoil for those who follow. And those who follow are—ourselves. We who live are the whole of humanity. The hope of the future—for ourselves; the hope of mankind—that is, for ourselves—lies in the wisdom of the present; the curse of the future—for ourselves—is the folly of the present—for ourselves. These things being so," the Preacher went on, with a change of voice, "what man is so great as he who advances the whole world? Some there are who proclaim great teachings, which are discourses, or revelations. They are the Prophets. We have Moses and Isaiah. Other nations have had Confucius, Buddha, Mohammed. They are few in number, and I suppose that there will be no more Prophets. Why should there be more Prophets? All that is wanted for the elevation of man has been uttered. It remains only for him to understand. Some there are who invent or discover things of

"I remember—I remember." Harold's voice to Francesca sounded hollow and far away. "Then we were by the seaside. Now we are in the burial-place of all the Dead."

"There are moments—flashes—when the past returns. Once, therefore, you were yourself a Phœnician. You saw yourself—two thousand years ago. Thus you may understand how you are bound to the past and how you control the future—you—with your own hand. You have been king, warrior, statesman, poet, peasant, slave, malefactor. All the cruelties and crimes of the world you have yourself committed and suffered. You are yourself the Humanity of the past stained with every crime. You are yourself the Humanity of the future rising slowly—slowly—to the perfect manhood intended by the Creator when He made man in the image of Himself."

"All this," said his disciple, "you have told me already. Yet I like to hear it told again—and in this place—in this Burial-Place." His voice dropped to a murmur, because he was under the charm of this man's voice, wherein lay the magic possessed by him whom we foolishly call the mesmeriser.

"We come: we stay awhile: we do our work: we go away: we inherit our own works. Some day I will set down in a book—a very little book will do—the history of the pro-

gress of the world; how we have now stepped forward and now fallen back; history is a continual advance and a continual falling back; mostly, something is gained; mostly, the slow advance has been in a right direction. A very little book will do for my chronicle. Would you look back? You see yourself a naked savage, alone: then you have left the forest; you have found out how to make fire: you are clothed with a skin: presently you are living in a city, you have acquired arts. But all through the ages you are yourself—always yourself. And you are working for yourself—always yourself. You are one immortal individual life—one indestructible soul—living



Now, while he was speaking, the sun went down beyond the burial-ground.

not. We shall learn some day, perhaps. We shall learn it when we have learned what happens in the spirit world. And of that no knowledge—not the least glimpse or sign—has ever been allowed to reach us. Neither to Moses nor to David, nor to any of the Prophets, was there revealed what happens after that change which we call Death. Yet that the spirit lies not senseless in the grave they knew full well and taught. There is no Death. We seem to die when we have run our course, and done our work, for the time, and worn out our shell. But we only go away in order to begin again. There are no Dead, my friends. There are no Dead. Remember that. Men know not this thing; they think that the soul goes away by itself to join other souls in the heaven or the hell of their own creation. They think there are myriads and myriads of souls—new souls created continually since man began. Yet the truth has been revealed. If only men would listen with understanding! Is it not written? 'In Death there is no remembrance of Thee: in the grave who shall give Thee thanks?' And again, 'Thou hast brought up my soul from the grave.' Therefore this is no new thing that I tell you, but a thing revealed unto Moses and the Prophets. We are ourselves the Dead. We are ourselves the heirs of our own deeds. We heap together the good and the bad—for ourselves to inherit; we sow the fatal seeds which shall spring up in new diseases and new agonies; for ourselves we commit crimes, thinking that they will never be found out; they bring miseries and shames for the third and fourth generations—upon ourselves. We invent and discover; we compel the forces of nature to work for us; it is for our successors to reap the harvest of our labours; those who succeed are—ourselves. We know not

science. Of these there are many: they destroy space, they arrest pain, they cure disease, they spread knowledge more and more. Knowledge is not wisdom; yet without knowledge wisdom cannot grow. There are some who become poets: they make the words of the Prophets intelligible to the people; and there are some who advance mankind by the simple spectacle of an unselfish life. But then, again, man is individual; he is selfish; he will work for himself and for his children, but he can see no further; his imagination does not go beyond what he can see. Bid the ordinary man work for humanity; he laughs. Humanity is a phantom, a simulacrum; what does he care for humanity? Make him however, if you can, understand that he is working for himself; show him his successor—himself—weighed down by the evils of his own creation. Then—if he can comprehend this thing—a new conception of creation will arise within him. Out of his own selfishness he will become unselfish; because he would save himself in the future he will spare others in the present." He stopped again. His companions made no reply.

"All this, Harold, and more, I showed you on that night standing upon the Phœnician ruins. While we talked there the past returned. We became, I remember, two Phœnicians; we became our own ancestors; we were two living Phœnician merchants: before us the galleys swept out to sea, the trading ships moved slowly, each under one great sail; behind us was the city itself."

through all these centuries. When did you begin? When will you end? Had you any beginning? Can you have an end? In half-blind perception of this continued life men sometimes reverence their ancestors. They might as well worship their posterity.

"You of Western Europe," Emanuel continued, "live in a world which does not meditate. Therefore, the unseen things—the only real things—are to you impossible and unreal. It is in the East that the real things are understood. Here, in your material world—your wealth and luxury—you live in a Palace built of cards, which will fall to pieces at the first rough wind. I think it will fall to pieces very soon. What we ourselves shall inherit from the modern worship of wealth—what mental distortions—blindnesses—physical weaknesses—I know not—I tremble only to think of what is coming upon the world—upon ourselves. Enough. And now, my friends, remember, we do not die—there is no Death. So you will be best prepared for the consideration with larger minds of my Discovery and its Consequences."

He stopped. Then the surroundings came back—the little garden, the cemetery, the little house behind, the tum-tum of the banjo, and the squabble of the boys. Francesca looked about her. Where was the Great Plain? Where was the Burial-Place of all the Dead since ever the world began? Gone. But Emanuel was left, and Mr. Hayling with brightened eyes, and Harold with glowing cheeks, and herself with beating heart and eager eyes, and all her face aflame!

(To be continued.)

THE NEW GALLERY.

The individual note which marked the earlier exhibitions here and at the Grosvenor Gallery is traceable in many of the pictures of this year. We may frankly congratulate the directors on their return to a system of selection which alone justifies the separation of the New Gallery from Burlington House. It is perhaps an advantage rather than a defect to find so few pictures which at once obtrude themselves or their story upon the surface of the spectator's mind. Mr. Watts, Mr. Burne-Jones, and Mr. W. B. Richmond, notwithstanding the opportunities offered them elsewhere, still remain true in their allegiance to the New Gallery.

Mr. Watts, of whom as *doyen d'age* it is due to speak first, contributes three very interesting works, which betoken no failing in power or fancy. "The Open Door" (55) is one of those simple allegories in which the painter delights. Outside the cold, black world awaits the young girl who stands on the brink of womanhood, hesitating whether or not to follow the butterfly which flutters before her. The figure of the girl, in a simple homespun red dress, is painted with unusual breadth for Mr. Watts—a quality which appears, though somewhat more delicately employed, in his figure of "Jill" (230), a bonny little girl in a white smock standing against a green background. In "Neptune's Horses" (78), on the other hand, he has allowed fuller play to his imagination, finding in the crests of the breaking waves on a rocky shore the likeness to rearing horses which has passed into a proverb. Mr. Burne-Jones, in the catalogue here shorn of his Academic title, contributes two works inspired by Mr. W. Morris's "Romance of the Rose"—"The Arrival of the Wanderer at the Gate of Idleness" (64), and "The Heart of the Rose" (66). In both the dominant colours are green and blue, blended in delicate harmonies throughout. The figure of "Idleness that Opens the Gate" is, perhaps, more expressive than the name imports; but it is on the faces of the lover and his mistress that the artist has concentrated his powers of rendering wistfulness ripening into fruition, which forms the climax of the story. Mr. W. B. Richmond has been so much occupied with his work in connection with the decoration of St. Paul's Cathedral that his pictures are limited to two portraits—neither of any special interest—and "A Maid of Athens" (65), painted with great care and finish, and a practical vindication of the art theories he has recently been defending. The flesh tones of the face are successful, but perhaps smoothness has been pushed to an excess.

In the same gallery the Hon. John Collier's portrait of Sir John Lubbock (4), painted for the London County Council, is at once weak and wooden; and Mr. Jacomb-Hood has often been more successful than in the boy (7) and girl (11) on whom he has been trying his hand. Mr. C. E. Hallé has just managed to miss the special qualities of Miss E. Butcher's expressive face (34), and presents us with a smug professional beauty rather than with a lady overflowing with wit and *diablerie*. Mr. Herkomer's picture of two small boys, "Jock and Charlie" (92), though fine in colour, is too overpoweringly yellow throughout, and the figures and accessories are strangely wanting in texture for the work of so distinguished a

painter. Mr. Ridley Corbet's treatment of Italian skies (63) is too well known to need comment, but this year he seems to paint more freely and with a greater desire for originality than he has hitherto shown; whilst, on the other hand, Mr. Waterhouse's "Naiad" (40), like both his pictures at Burlington House, shows an increasing tendency to follow in the wake of Mr. Rossetti and Mr. Burne-Jones. Among the painters of pure landscape from its most poetic side Mr. William Padgett holds a prominent place. "A Shepherd's Solitude" (36), "Evening at the Mill" (249), and "The Sun's Last Kiss" (95) are works which cannot fail to appeal to every true lover of nature, while in feeling

the high level of expressiveness shown in his Academy picture. Mrs. Hammersley, in a rose-red velvet dress, its bloom painted with such consummate skill as to call away attention from the wearer, is half reclining on a couch; Mrs. Lewis, on the other hand, in simple black, standing straight upright, concentrates all attention upon a face full of kindly character and thoughtful reserve. The great charm of Mr. Sargent's work is its disregard of conventional ideas and its frequent abruptness in breaking with old traditions. For these reasons his work is not officially held in high favour, but the need of the infusion of some such spirit of revolt into our school is every year

becoming more apparent, and it may be hoped that he will not, like some others, have to pay for the *défaul de ses qualités*. Mr. C. W. Mitchell's treatment of the myth of "Boreas and Oreithyia" (195) is a laudable effort to rise above the ordinary methods of composition. There is boldness in the general scheme of the picture, and the nude figure of the maiden is excellent. Mr. C. N. Kennedy's "Cain's First Crime" (146), feeding a stork with lizards, is somewhat perplexing; but, assuming that he has authority for the legend, we must admit that "the crime" seems to have been committed with the full consent of his parents. Mrs. K. Hastings's "Guinevere" (142), a carefully painted figure; Mr. W. R. Symonds's "Miranda" (155), and Mrs. Swynerton's portraits of a girl (108) and a boy (163) are also noteworthy among the figure pieces; while among the landscapes Mr. Boughton's "Closing of an October Day" (194) Mr. David Murray's "Hamshire Hatches" (168), and Mr. Adrian Stokes's "Breezy Pastures" (174) are excellent instances of their respective artists' powers.

In the South Room the place of honour is awarded—presumably on account of its size—to Mr. Frank Brangwyn's "Gold, Frankincense, and Myrrh" (233), a study of the colourless backs of Arab traders who have brought their tribute to the market rather than to the manger. It is not quite clear whether Mr. Brangwyn has any idea of a devotional aim in his work, but it certainly conveys no such feeling, although as a matter of draughtsmanship it is more than usually powerful. Mr. Matthew Hale also paints his "In the Grip of the Sea-Wolf" (242) on a larger scale than usual, but with less successful results. The picture represents a Danish "sea-wolf" swimming back to his ship with a fair

Briton whom he has captured. This little group of the fierce Viking and the struggling maiden is excellent in every respect, but the remainder of the canvas is void of incident—with the bare stretch of sands, on which a combat in miniature is still going on, and the impossible blue sea. Mr. Charles M. Gore also contributes an imaginative work of considerable promise, "The Finding of the Infant St. George" (251); and Mrs. Marie Stillman sends one of her scrupulous studies from the lives of the saints (204). The most attractive landscapes in this room are Mr. Ridley Corbet's "Sunrise from Perugia" (217), Mr. David Murray's "At Set of Sun" (234), forming a fine contrast between Italian and English skies; Mr. Stuart Richardson's "Golden Days" (213); and "Daisies pied and violets blue" (220), by Mr. H. W. B. Davis, who this year shows how much he has gained by forsaking misty northern heights for the bright and sunny lanes and fields of southern England and Picardy.



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THE BETROTHED BRIDE OF THE DUKE OF YORK, PRINCESS MAY, WITH HER MOTHER, THE DUCHESS OF TECK.

they are as much above the level of the ordinary run of pictures sent for exhibition as they are in careful work and observation. Mr. Edward Stott's "Labourer's Cottage" (72), Mr. Edward Barclay's "Carrying Home Milk" (5), and Mr. Laidlay's "Evening" (43) are also works which do credit to their painters from all points of view; and Mr. G. H. Boughton's "From Sunlight to Shadow" (79), although not quite on a level with his Academy picture in the matter of sentiment and delicate handling, bears evidence of far greater range of power than he has shown for many years. He is, perhaps, the most successful upholder of the school of George Mason now remaining; for his good taste has saved him from the danger of a too blind adherence, into which Mr. Robert Macbeth has apparently fallen.

In the North Room the portraits of Mrs. Hugh Hammersley (128) and Mrs. George Lewis (177), by Mr. J. Sargent, outshine everything else by their brilliancy and vigour, although neither is quite up to



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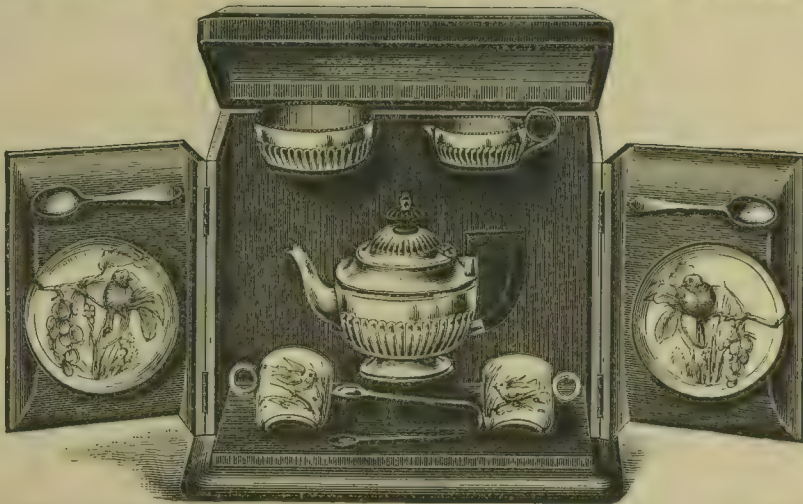
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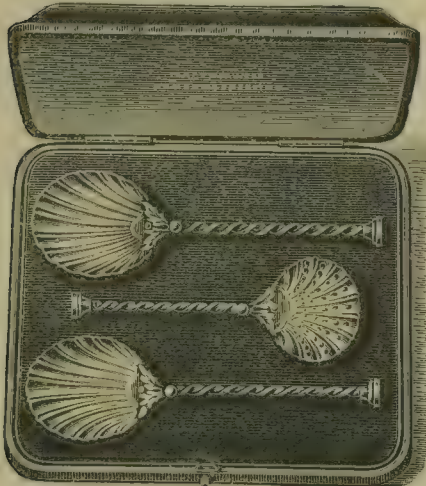
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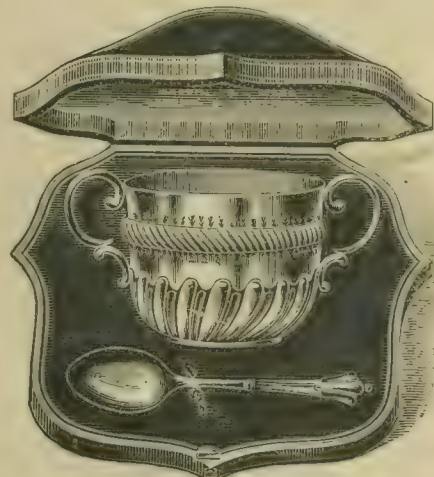
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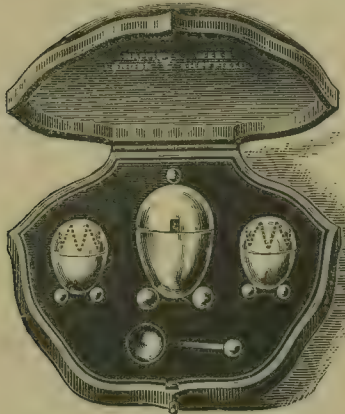
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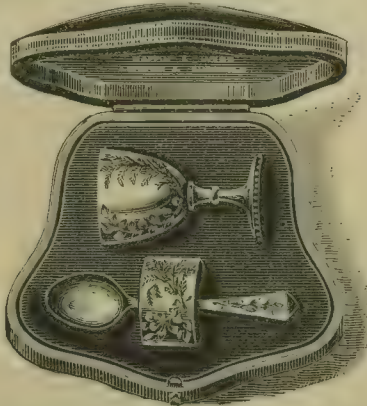
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(FACING THE MANSION HOUSE.)

A MAGAZINE CAUSERIE.

It was a brilliant idea to prompt a well-meaning partisan to lecture the Tory Press, and then let four Tory editors loose upon him. This is the most entertaining spectacle in the May reviews. You see the excellent man, on the safe side of the bars in the menagerie, admonishing the majestic beasts, when suddenly the cage doors fly open—! Certainly very little remains of Mr. Fitzroy Gardner in the *National Review* after Mr. Walter Pollock, Mr. W. E. Henley, and Mr. Sidney Low have had their way with him. He finds a quasi-champion in Mr. Henry Cust, who is disposed to agree with the principle that to make good Tories out of the masses you must give them the "savoury meats their souls love"—the sensational news, the spicy paragraph, the flashes of wit, which are so luminous in the Radical evening papers. But Mr. Pollock gravely inquires how a Tory is to be outwardly distinguished from a Radical if they differ not in manners, and Mr. Henley declaims against Radical journalism as "public bad breeding" which no "self-respecting party" can imitate. How refreshing this is after the turmoil about Home Rule and the general chaos of argument about this policy or that! Mr. Henley's theory of political conduct saves a world of trouble. To cultivate self-respect and the "habit of decent manners" is to be a Tory; to revel in "bad breeding" and "individual prurience" is to be a Radical. *Voilà tout!* Why perplex yourself with "Nemo's" defence in the *Contemporary* of the finance in the Home Rule Bill, or with Mr. Lecky's assault on Home Rule in the same review, or with Mr. Sidney Low's dexterous statement of the Ulster case in the *National*? Why wonder whether Mr. Swinburne's surprising ode in the *Nineteenth Century* is intended to prove that the Act of Union was the act of Heaven, and that Home Rule is simple blasphemy—an offence which is specially abhorrent to Mr. Swinburne's soul? You have only to remember that decent manners make the Tory and indecency makes the Radical, and the whole controversy ends.

But who can gravely concern himself with this petty strife when Mr. Massingham invites him in the *New Review* to consider how the liberty of the Press overshadows the authority of Parliament? I have an inspired belief that all will not be well with the House of Commons till a journalist is appointed Serjeant-at-Arms—may, till the Speaker himself is one of us, and occupies his leisure during a dull debate by writing sparkling persiflage about the personality of our legislators for a morning paper. But will even this revolution give our craft in England the prestige with which one notable journalist dominates Europe? Whenever you see the name of M. de Blowitz in a magazine you know that a tremendous piece of history is about to be revealed. Sure enough, here is the great man in *Harper's* with a thrilling account of the way in which the French Ambassador at St. Petersburg, General Leflo, induced the Czar Alexander II. to prevent Germany from attacking France in 1875. If it be literally true, this story

shows that romance is supreme in the realm of politics, as, indeed, it is through nearly the whole domain of fact. Your professional romancer can imagine nothing more vividly emotional than Leflo's appeal to the Czar, the subsequent uncertainty whether Alexander really meant to put his veto on the plot which was being hatched in the military councils at Berlin, the alarmist despatches from Paris craving for more assurances, and, finally, the scene at the ball in St. Petersburg, where the Russian Emperor pledged himself once more to keep the peace. Somehow, you feel that M. de Blowitz, the repository of these extraordinary confidences, is an instrument of destiny, like Mr. George Curzon, who settles the future of the Far East in the *National*. Mr. Curzon will have none of your pessimism about the decline of England and the rise of the yellow men. He thinks poorly of China, though he admits that John Chinaman is a subjugator of women among half-a-dozen races. Koreans, Annamites, Cambogians, Siamese—they are all eager to marry John. To be vanquished by a Chinaman in the love of a Cambodian damsel—is this humiliation to be patiently borne by the sons of England? Let Mr. Rudyard Kipling see to it. He has written "A Song of the English" in the *English Illustrated Magazine* (which, by-the-way, is vastly improved), and he makes the ends of the earth chant our greatness in a bewildering variety of rhythm. Let him give us a love song with which to woo the fair Cambodian, and the reproach which Mr. Curzon has put upon us shall be wiped out. It is well that we have Mr. Kipling to remind us ever and anon of our high Imperial fate, for it seems rather a small thing when you plunge with Sir Robert Ball, in the *Fortnightly*, into infinite space. Sir Robert has arrived at a cheerful conclusion respecting the sun. In course of time that luminary will become extinct. Then, after a period of gloomy inactivity, it will probably come into collision with another gigantic body, be rekindled by the shock, and start business again. The earth will smile once more under the nourishing beams, another race of highly organised creatures will flourish on our planet, and we shall revive to the strains of another Kipling, singing the superiority of his countrymen to time and the universe.

This modesty is not the exclusive property of the Briton. I have read with respectful wonder Signor Salvini's account in the *Century* of his education, his character, and his histrionic achievements. He is sincerely impressed by his own greatness, physical and intellectual. I am surprised that he never tamed lions, but he contented himself with forcing the Italian public to admire Shakspeare. He is schooled against anger and revenge, but he has cultivated a measureless contempt. There is nothing in the whole range of autobiography to match the simple egotism with which he describes one of his own successes. I should like to know what Lady Mildred Boynton would say to a specimen of Salvini's handwriting. Lady Mildred tells us in *Longman's* how she deciphers character in caligraphy. She discovered from a letter of Dickens's that he had "some sense of humour." His capital "r's" denoted self-esteem. Tom Moore's wit was indicated by the "finals

flying up in a curve." Reticence comes out in the shortness of "y's" and "g's," but oddly enough there is nothing remarkable in the proverbial "p's" and "q's." Macaulay, says Lady Mildred, suffered from "absence of candour." By dint of always letting the Whig dogs have the best of it, his handwriting, I suppose, became crafty. This reminds me that the writer of a charming paper in *Macmillan* on the "romantic professions" quotes Dr. Johnson's extravagant eulogy of soldiers as the tribute of the highest wisdom to the military spirit. I thought we had survived this, and the similar stuff in "Maud," about "the noble art of cutting throats." Of all the reminiscences of Tennyson with which we have been loaded, the most piquant have been left by the late Mr. J. A. Symonds, who gives a delightful picture in the *Century* of a reading by the poet from a translation of Homer, pursued through every phrase by Mr. Gladstone's combative scholarship. An entertaining gossip about whist and whist-players is the best reading in *Temple Bar*, and Mr. R. W. Lowe relieves the sombre tedium of *Blackwood* with an amusing account of the rival "addresses" at Drury Lane which prompted the famous parody by James and Horace Smith. Of the short stories in the magazines, the best is Mr. H. D. Traill's "Two Proper Prides" in the *National*, which will excite in your mind a vehement desire to shake everybody concerned. L. F. A.

WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.

BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

The availability of Ordinary Return Tickets to and from London and the Seaside will as usual extend over the Whitsuntide Holidays.

The availability of the Special Cheap Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to Monday, and the Saturday and Sunday to Monday, also the Saturday and Sunday to Monday or Tuesday Tickets to the Seaside will be extended to Wednesday, May 24.

Special Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to Monday or Tuesday Tickets will also be issued from London to Dieppe.

On Saturday, May 20, a 14-day excursion to Paris by the Picturesque route via Dieppe and Rouen will be run from London by a Special Day Express Service, and also by the Fixed Night Express Service on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, May 18 to 24 inclusive.

On Whit Sunday and Monday Day Trips at greatly reduced Excursion Fares will be run from London to Brighton, Worthing, Midhurst, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Lewes, Tunbridge Wells, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, and Hastings.

Extra Trains will be run to and from London, as required by the Traffic, to the Crystal Palace for the Special Holiday Entertainments on Whit Monday, Tuesday, and following days.

On Saturday and Sunday, May 20 and 21, Special Cheap Return Tickets to Brighton will be issued from London, available to return on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday.

Special Saturday to Tuesday Tickets will also be issued from London to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight.

On Whit Tuesday Cheap Day Trips will be run from London to Brighton and Worthing.

The Brighton Company announce that their West-End Offices—28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square—will remain open until 10 p.m. on the evenings of Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, May 17, 18, 19, and 20, for the sale of the Special Cheap Tickets and Ordinary Tickets to all parts of the Line and to the Continent, at the same fares as charged at London Bridge and Victoria.

Similar Tickets at the same fares may also be obtained at Cook's Offices, Ludgate Circus, 445, West Strand, 99, Gracechurch Street, 82, Oxford Street, and Euston Road; Gaze and Son, 142, Strand, and 18, Westbourne Grove; Hays', 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; Myers' Offices, 313, Gray's Inn Road, and 1A, Pentonville Road; and Jakins' Offices, 6, Camden Road, 96, Leadenhall Street, and 30, Silver Street, Notting Hill Gate; also at the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, Westminster.

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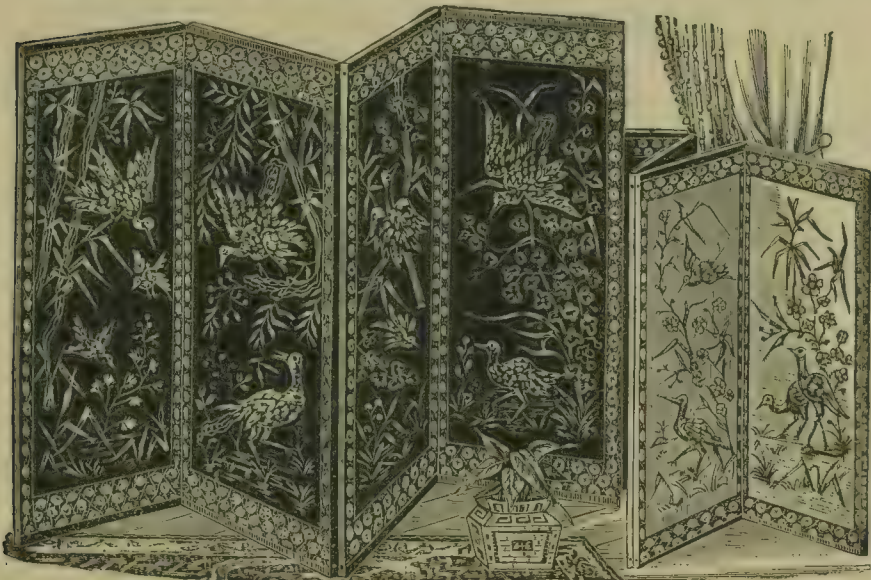
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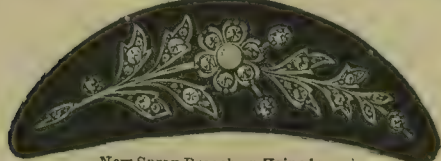
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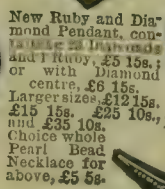
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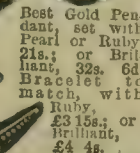
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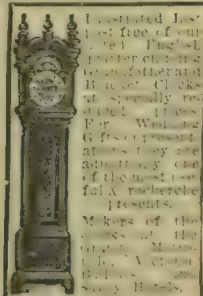
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THE SALON IN THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES.

Trite, dull, and commonplace as is the Salon this year, it is, after all, the obvious fate that at times overtakes all these annual exhibitions. There is ever only a small number of men of great talent whose work is vivid and personal enough to redeem the mediocrity of the rest and to give distinction and character to an exhibition. When some of these are absent, and others but poorly represented, then is the plodding dullness of the crowd the more painfully apparent. These latter may be said to represent the expenditure and waste of force which accompany the production and development of all striking phenomena, and are like the goods of a manufacturer which are sold cheap because of some flaw in the making. Yet some of them do not deserve to be severely disparaged, for within the limits of their effort they are not unfrequently successful.

There are, indeed, numbers of able pictures in this Salon, painted with the ability of men who have served a complete apprenticeship to their craft; and so long as broad views of training last there will always be many such. There is, as usual, much to catch the eye and but little to retain it. At the head of the staircase is the big canvas by Roybet, "Charles the Bold at Nesles." It is an historical picture in the ordinary sense, and tells its story with some amount of power and dramatic vigour. It has the fault of being very black in colour in many places, and the lighting is forced and stagey. His other picture, called "Propos Galants," has a certain broad humour and some masterly drawing and expression embodied by skilful brushwork, and it stands out from the surrounding pictures by its downright mastery of technique. In the first square room is a tedious decorative painting by Munkacsy, of vast size. It represents an incident in the history of Hungary, being intended, it is rumoured, for the decoration of the Hungarian Parliament House. It is so exceedingly matter-of-fact and unimaginative as to leave no impression of a fine composition.

Much other work of ample dimensions but of indifferent quality is scattered up and down the galleries, and perhaps the most notorious specimen is the pseudo-realistic "Hélène," by Chalon. This is a typical example of the modern development of the heroic school—the school of which Henri Murger's painting of the "Egyptians Crossing the Red Sea" was the type, and in the pictures of which a lavish display of limbs and contorted gesture was an essential part. And yet this too exuberant painting is most skilful in execution, and could only have been done by one who had gone through long training: still, the result would not be too good to form the *pièce de résistance* of some travelling country show.

The work of Henri Martin is of a different calibre, for it suggests some thought or sentiment, although that sentiment may sometimes have the air of being a little artificial or grotesque. In his picture called "The Troubadours" the impression created is difficult to put into words. The formal upright lines and subdued harmonious colour give a quaint but elusive suggestion of poetry which might find some sort of corresponding expression in a weird and

droning strain of music. Whether it is correct or not to class M. Martin as one of the now fashionable clique of "Symbolistes," his conceptions are always original, in spite of certain mannerisms of method.

Jean Paul Laurens is this year all for historical anecdote, and although great knowledge and power of realisation are more evident in him, yet his "Saint Jean Chrysostôme" and "La Petite (de) Bonchamps" come into the same category as the work of our own painters—Seymour Lucas, Orchardson, and some others. As pictorial narrative it is vivid and convincing, but it is not in any sense creative, and therefore corresponds rather to the story-telling ballad in poetry.

The landscapes of Gosselin, Harpignies, and Pointelin are among the pleasant features of the exhibition. Harpignies, perhaps, verges on the conventional, and his style runs in some danger of being stereotyped; and Gosselin is somewhat too "sugary" in his colour. Each of these artists appreciates the value of concentration of light, the relationship and massing of tones, and beauty in the composition of line. It is interesting to contrast them with such men as Quignon, Didier-Pouget, and others. These latter are photographic in their power of reproduction, and will choose an effect in which they may especially show their skill in imitation. One or two have been most successful in rendering strong sunlight, but their pictures provoke more wonder than pleasure, and on repetition are apt to be tedious. It is only necessary to consider Monet in his treatment of bright sunlight and the splendour of his colour effects to see what opportunities there are in such aspects of light, and to see how little these others give of their artistic charm. There are a couple of snow scenes worth mentioning, one by Kampmann and the other by André. The two portraits of Benjamin Constant are able, but not very greatly distinguished. That of the lady smacks somewhat of the transformation scene; the other, a portrait of Lord Dufferin, is powerfully drawn and painted. M. Bonnat is a little tiresome. His portrait of Madame B. is too obviously a cheap effect, for a good portrait should surely have some other qualities than those of a clever study of still life. In the work of M. Henner there is no new phase. The "Dormeuse" has richness of colour and light treated with great breadth. The small portrait by him is in a subdued scheme of blue and black.

Of the other well-known artists who make up the roll-call of the Old Salon, most continue to work in the old grooves. Bouguereau is as obviously himself as ever: Luminais still revels in the exuberance of savage and prehistoric life; M. Olivier Merson, who is unrepresented, is a distinct loss to the exhibition; Cormon has a small sketch effect of a battle; and Aimé Morot has a scene from Napoleon's Egyptian campaign.

Of the Englishmen who exhibit here, most of them send work already seen in London. Alma-Tadema has his "Roses of Heliogabalus." Frank Brangwyn shows a remarkable piece of colour in his picture called the "Buccaneers." It chiefly challenges comparison with the rich hues of some Eastern carpet.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

A significant change seems to be coming over the protests against the Welsh Suspensory Bill. At the Oxford Diocesan Conference Mr. Gore strongly protested against certain imputations on the motives of the Government, and especially of Mr. Gladstone, saying that those who knew the Premier were aware that for a number of years his feelings about the Establishment had been generally what they were now. He also protested against the use of words like "spoliation" and "robbery," saying that he approved of the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and that he believed all corporate endowments were, in certain circumstances, within the power of the nation.

The Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Stubbs) said "he thought his friend Gore, when he said he would have had to repent if he had been silent, would now have to repent more; but, as he was quite sure he would repent, he would give him such little absolution as he possibly could already." But the *Guardian*, much the most influential organ of the Church of England, backs Mr. Gore, and says that the use of language about sacrilege and robbery "has already, we suspect, lost us support which, with greater moderation, we should have retained. When there are ample grounds for resisting Disestablishment upon the validity of which almost all Churchmen can agree, it is the worst possible policy to assist in dragging in others which at once provoke controversy in our own ranks." There was some strong speaking to the same effect in the Lower House of Convocation.

It is good news that Mr. Illingworth is to be the next Bampton lecturer. The Bampton lecture was deteriorating, and there were fears for its future. But the lectures of such men as Cheyne, Sanday, and Illingworth cannot but revive its fame.

There is considerable probability that the English Presbyterians will accept the munificent offer made to them of a site for their theological college at Cambridge. Their seminary, which is located in London, has not drawn a large number of students, the superior prestige of the Scotch Presbyterian colleges attracting men. This would be partly counterbalanced by the advantages of Cambridge, and there is no reason why the lectures of the theological faculty in the University should not be attended by Presbyterian students.

The May meetings, though not lively, have been quite as successful as usual. This is somewhat contrary to expectation. Year after year it is predicted that decay will set in, but there are no signs; in fact, the attendance increases rather than diminishes. The depression in trade has not appreciably affected the contributions for religious and charitable purposes.

There is still some mystery about Pusey House. Mr. Gore, it seems, is going to Radley, and some of the residents will follow him. The announcement that Mr. Otley will succeed him is said to be, if not inaccurate, at least premature.

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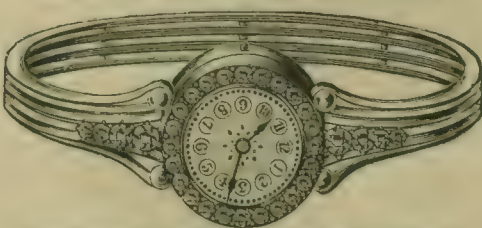
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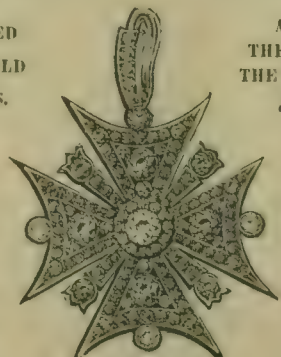


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Mr. J. H. HEATHMAN, Endell Street and Wilson Street, London, W.C. Expert Fire and Hydraulic Engineer, writes—

"Aug. 27, 1890. For many years past I have used your Embrocation to cure rheumatism, colds, and sprains, and always with very satisfactory results."

"I have frequently advised firemen and others to try it, and know many instances of relief through its application."

"There are many like myself who are liable to get a soaking at fire-engine trials and actual fires, and the knowledge of the value of your Embrocation will save them much pain and inconvenience if they apply the remedy with promptitude."

"An illustration: On Monday last I got wet, and had to travel home by rail. On Tuesday I had rheumatism in my legs and ankles, and well rubbed my legs and feet with your Embrocation. On Wednesday (to-day) I am well again, and the cost of the cure has been eightpence, as the bottle is not empty. This, therefore, is an inexpensive remedy."

ADVANTAGES OF PLENTY OF FRICTION.

Mr. PETER GEO. WRIGHT, Heath Town, Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, writes—

"Jan. 7, 1890. On Nov. 8 last year I was taken with a great pain and swelling in my left foot; in the night it was so painful I could not sleep, and in the morning I got downstairs on my hands and knees, so I had to sit in a chair all day. On the Friday about seven o'clock my weekly paper came, the *Sheffield Telegraph*. I saw your advertisement for the Universal Embrocation, and sent 1½ miles for a small bottle. I commenced to give my foot a good rubbing, and I soon found relief. I rubbed it ten times that evening, and four times in the night. Saturday morning came: I could not go to market, so I set to work again with your Embrocation, and soon found that I could walk. I gave it a good rubbing every half-hour until five o'clock, when I put my boots on and walked four miles, and on Tuesday I walked six miles. I have never felt it since, and I shall always keep some in the house."

LUMBAGO.

From a Justice of the Peace. "About a fortnight ago a friend advised me to try your Embrocation, and its effect has been magical."

"And it I will have, or I will have none."

FOOTBALL.

Forfar Athletic Football Club. "Given entire satisfaction to all who have used it."

STRENGTHENS the MUSCLES.

From "Victorina," "The Strongest Lady in the World." "It not only relieves pain, but it strengthens the nerves and muscles."

RUNNING.

A Blackheath Harrier writes—"Draw attention to the benefit to be derived from using Elliman's Embrocation after cross-country running in the winter months."

SORE THROAT FROM COLD.

From a Clergyman. "For many years I have used your Embrocation, and found it most efficacious in preventing and curing sore throat from cold."

CRAMP.

CHAS. S. AGAR, Esq., Forbes Estate, Maskelyne, Ceylon, writes—"The coolies suffer much from carrying heavy loads long distances, and they get cramp in the muscles, which, when well rubbed with your Embrocation, is relieved at once."

ACHES, SPRAINS, AND STIFFNESS.

A. F. GARDINER, Esq. (A.A.A.; L.A.C. Spartan Harriers' Official Handicapper), writes—"After exercise it is invaluable for dispersing stiffness and aches. No athlete or cross-country runner should be without it."

ACCIDENT.

From the Jackley Wonders, Oxford Music-Hall, London.

"I was recommended by my friend 'Victorina' your Embrocation, and by using it for two days I was enabled to resume my duties."

CYCLING.

From L. FABRELLAS, St. Sebastian, Spain.

"I am a member of a cycling club here, and can testify to the excellent results to be obtained by using your Universal Embrocation."

RHEUMATISM.

From A. BARTON, Esq., The Ferns, Romford.

"I write to say that had it not been for Elliman's Embrocation I should have remained a cripple up to the present moment."



A STITCH IN TIME. CYCLISTS SWEAR BY ELLIMAN'S.

FOR ACHES AND PAINS. ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.

"AN EXCELLENT GOOD THING."

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"Indispensable in any stable, but especially in the stable of a Master of Hounds."

HADDINGTON, Master of Berwickshire Hounds.

ROYAL

"I have used it for some time past, and find it very efficacious if properly applied."

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"If used frequently no blistering required."

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Schwedt A.O., Germany.

"June 14, 1890.

"I beg to inform you that the Royal Embrocation has been very efficacious by using it for the horses of my regiment, and I beg you to send me in twenty-five bottles."

Lieut.-Colonel V. BLUMENTHAL, 2nd Dragoon Regiment."

Tandem Stables, Evanston, U.S.A.

"April 6, 1890.

"It is with great pleasure I certify to the quality of your Embrocation. I have used it with success when other remedies failed, and I am never without it."

R. J. STEPHENSON."

Mr. Cyril Jephson, New Zealand, writes—

"As secretary of the County Hunt Club of Ashburton, Canterbury, New Zealand, I send you this testimonial. Your Embrocation has proved better than any I have ever used—in fact, no stable is complete without it for wounds, strains, and bruises."

Mr. H. Nurse, Blackwater, near Riverton, Southland, New Zealand, writes—

"I can testify to the efficacy of your Embrocation, having used it on our stock for many years."

Mr. Thomas Lynett, Elderslie Street, Winton, Queensland, writes—

"May 27, 1889.

"We use in the racing stables, and I sell in my store, a quantity of your Embrocation."

Mr. W. F. Rorke, Groot Vlakke, District Somerset East, Cape Colony, South Africa, writes—

"May 13, 1889.

"I find your Embrocation most useful for rheumatism in horses."

ELLIMAN'S ROYAL EMBROCATION. "AND IT I WILL HAVE, OR I WILL HAVE NONE."

Stockdale, the widow of her nephew William Henry Stockdale, for life, and then for her two sons, Henry Garland Stockdale and Robert James Stockdale; £6000 to the said Henry Garland Stockdale and Robert James Stockdale; £2000, upon trust, for Margaret Elizabeth Stockdale; and other legacies. As to the residue of her real and personal estate, she leaves two thirds, upon trust, for the said Mary Stockdale, for life, and then for her said two sons; and one third, upon trust, for the said Margaret Elizabeth Stockdale. She appoints, under her late husband's will, the trust funds as follows, viz.: £2000 each to the three daughters of her brother-in-law Charles Thompson, and £500 to each of his six sons; £300 per annum to his wife, Mrs. Mary Anne Thompson; £500 to Walter Horace Insull; £3500, upon trust, for Elizabeth Insull, for life, and then for the said Walter Horace Insull; and the remainder of the said trust funds, upon trust, for the said Charles Thompson, for life, and then for his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 1, 1889) of Mrs. Caroline Crowder, formerly of Spencer House, Preston Park, Brighton, and late of Norbury, 231, High Road, Upper Tooting, who died on March 2, was proved on April 22 by Mrs. Alice Maud Maxwell and George Thomas Maxwell, the executors,

the value of the personal estate exceeding £26,000. The testatrix leaves the whole of her property, both real and personal, in equal shares to her daughters, Alice Maud Maxwell and Alice Bertha Crowder.

The will (dated March 2, 1892) with two codicils (dated Nov. 1, 1892, and Feb. 17, 1893), of the Rev. Henry Legge Church, late of Manton, Bedwardine Road, Upper Norwood, Wesleyan Minister, who died on March 26, was proved on April 24 by Richard Groves Holland and Arthur James Isard, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £23,000. The testator bequeaths £400 to the Worn-out Ministers and Ministers' Widows' Auxiliary Fund; £200 each to the Wesleyan Theological Institution, the Itinerant Methodist Preachers' Annuitant Fund, the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society, and the British and Foreign Bible Society; £90 to the Wesleyan Methodist Chapel, Knutsford, Cheshire; and many legacies to relatives, friends, and others. The residue of his property he gives to the said Richard Groves Holland and Arthur James Isard.

The will of Mr. Samuel Holland, D.L., J.P., M.P. Merioneth 1870-85, late of Caernarvon, in the parish of Llanaber, Merionethshire, who died on Dec. 27, was

proved on May 1 by Mrs. Caroline Jane Holland, the widow, the sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £12,000.

In Dublin, on May 6, the anniversary day of the Phoenix Park murders, an explosive bomb was thrown at night into a quadrangle of the Four Courts, the Irish Law-courts, and many windows were shattered, but no persons were killed or hurt.

To sportsmen all the world over a catalogue of guns appeals with irresistible force. To the ordinary "man in the street" the description of these weapons would only serve to mystify, such phrases as "engine-turned rib" or "snap forend" being distinctly technical. Mr. G. E. Lewis, of Birmingham, has just issued a list of the various guns he has in stock, with illustrations and prices; and over this catalogue, doubtless, many an hour of interested study will be spent. He takes the opportunity in the preface of stating that "in Birmingham alone are guns made in their entirety," and to caution intending purchasers from being led away from that city, which has so long held the highest possible reputation for this manufacture.

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(Established half a century). Searches and Authentic Information respecting Family Arms and Pedigrees. Crest and Motto in heraldic colours, 7s. 6d. Book-plates engraved in Modern and Medieval styles. Heraldic Seal Engraving. ILLUMINATED ADDRESSES ON VELUM.
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ROYAL COLLEGE OF SCIENCE, LONDON. Dean Right Hon. Professor Huxley, LL.D., F.R.S. NEXT SESSION begins OCT. 4, 1893. Prospectus and forms of application (which should be sent in this month) can now be obtained from the Regl. Secy.

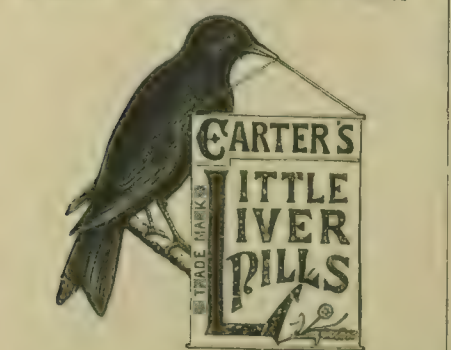
LYCEUM.—Mr. HENRY IRVING, Lessee
4 and Manager.—MATINEE TO-DAY (Saturday), at Two, RECKLE, TO-NIGHT (Saturday), at 8.15, THE LYONS MAIL. TICKETS BY ALFRED LORD PENNYSON. Every night except Saturdays, at 8.15. MATINEES, at Two o'clock, Saturday, May 20, and Sunday, May 21, at Two o'clock. EXTRA MATINEE OF RECKLE, Thursday, May 25, the Theatre will be closed on THAT EVENING. THE LYONS MAIL, next Saturday night, May 20, at 8.15. Box-Office (Mr. E. Hurst) open from 11 till Five. Seats also booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

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EVERY EVENING at 8.20, THE MAGIC RING.
Comic Opera by Arthur Law, composed by Senior Albion. Messrs. HARRY MONKHOUSE, Fred Kaye, E. Wareham, F. Walsh, A. Watts, and NORMAN SALMOND; Mesdames MARIE HATTON, Sadie, Courtenay, Laurie, James, and SIESSIE VAUGHAN. At 5.20, THE BURGLES AND THE BELL. Messrs. Charles Brockfield and Fred Kaye. Senior ALBIONIZ, the composer of THE MAGIC RING, will personally conduct the Opera. Doors open 7.30. Box-Office open Ten to Ten. Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. F. W. B. B. B.

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Beware of fraudulent imitations of these famous Crown Lavender Salts, put up by unprincipled dealers for extra gain, and which only cause disappointment to the purchaser. Sell only in the Bottles of the Company, with the well-known Crown Stopper and which also show. No others are genuine.
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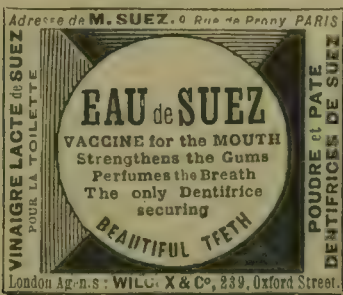
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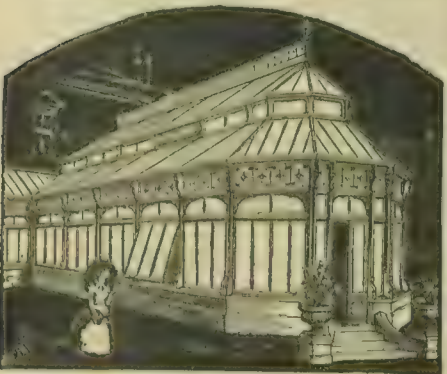
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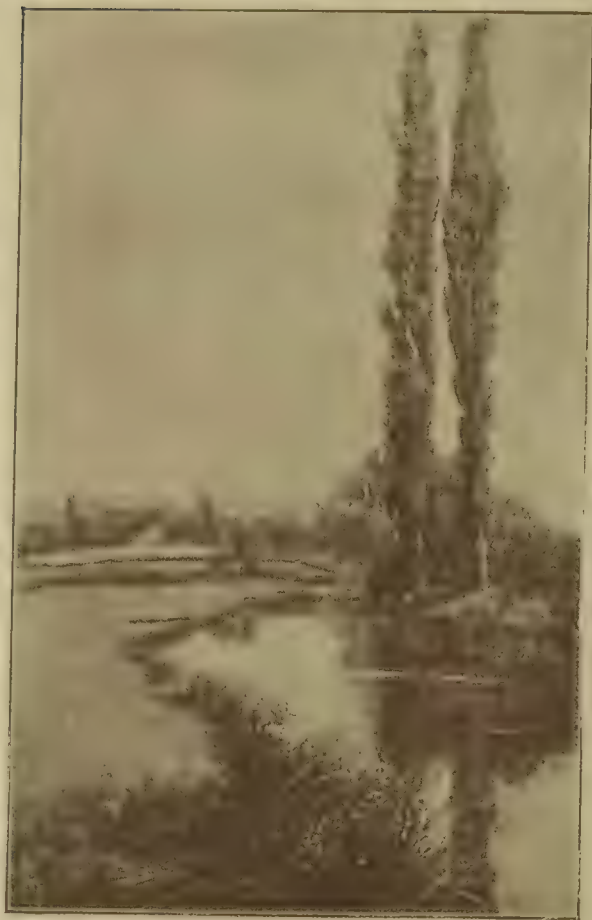
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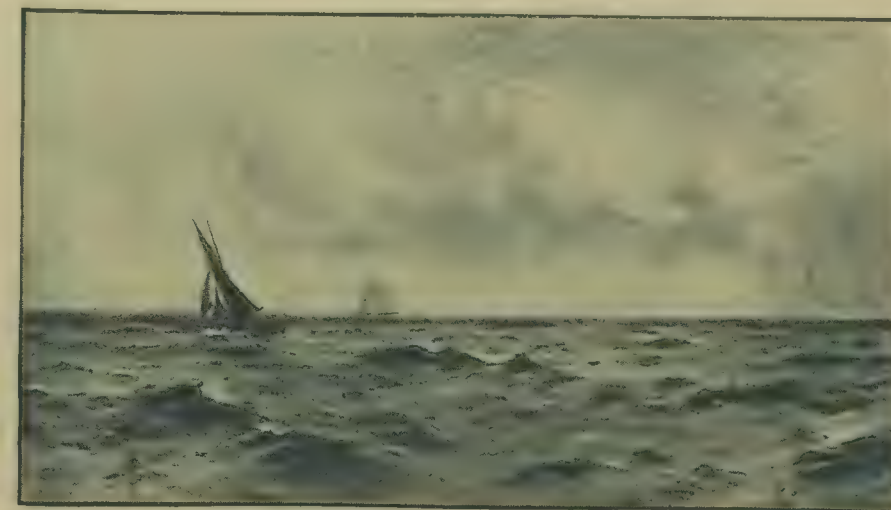
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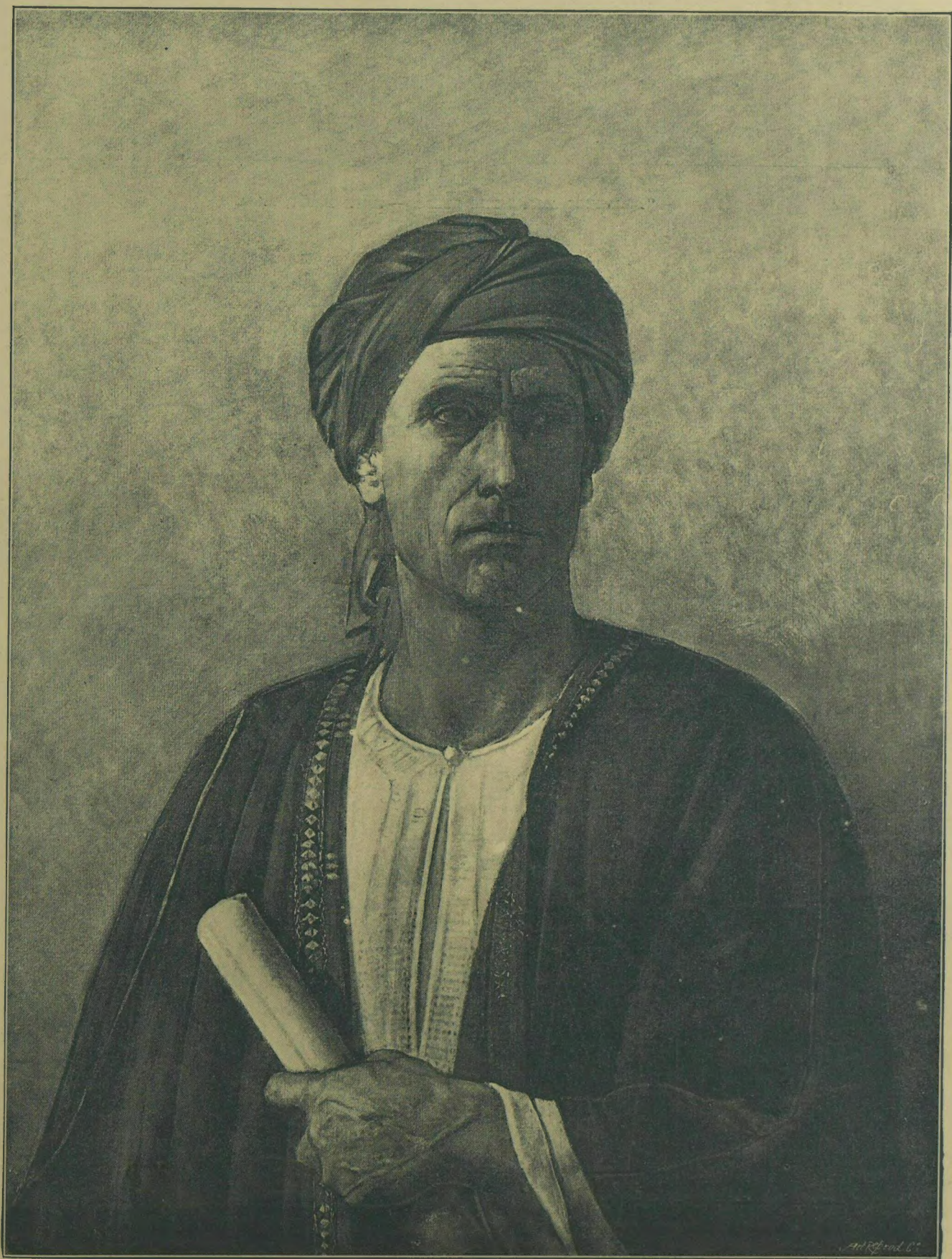


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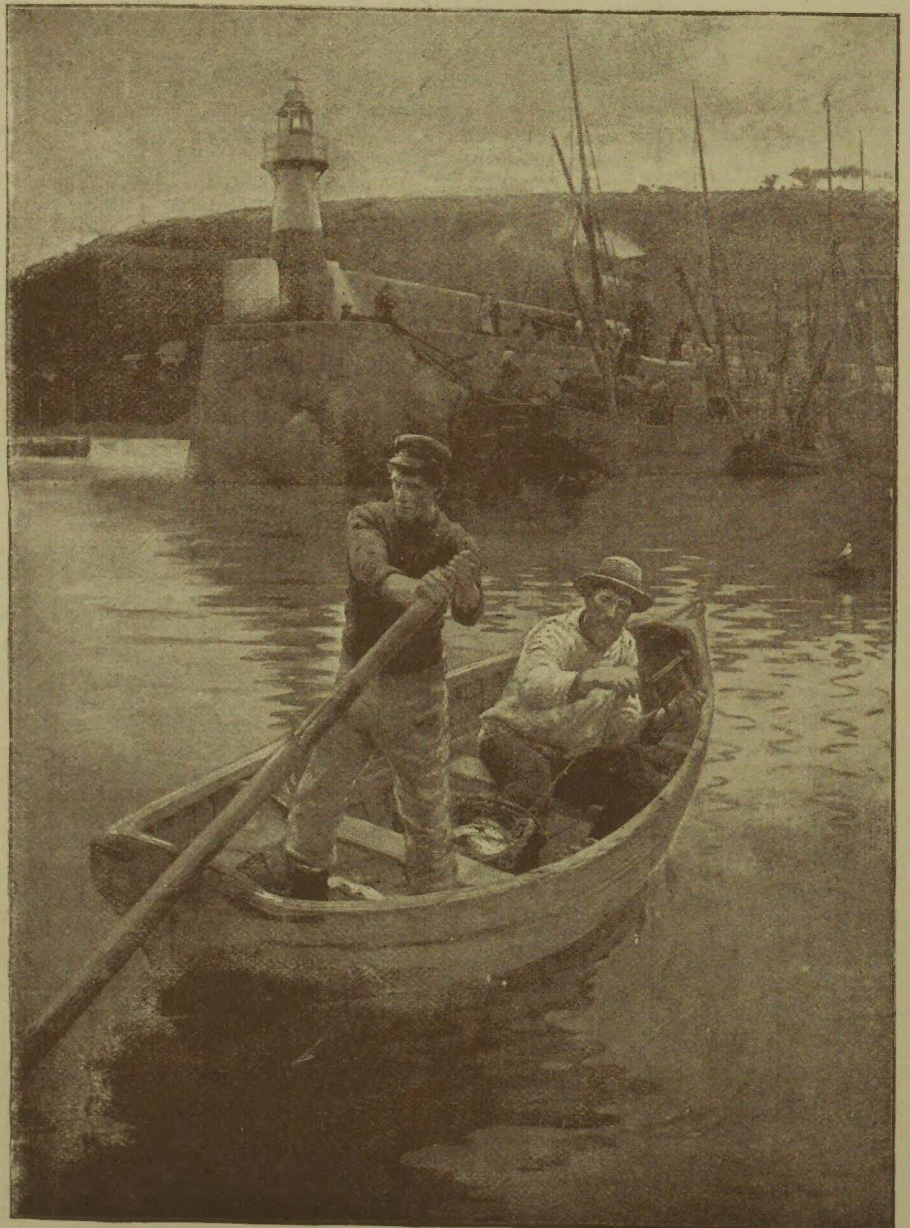
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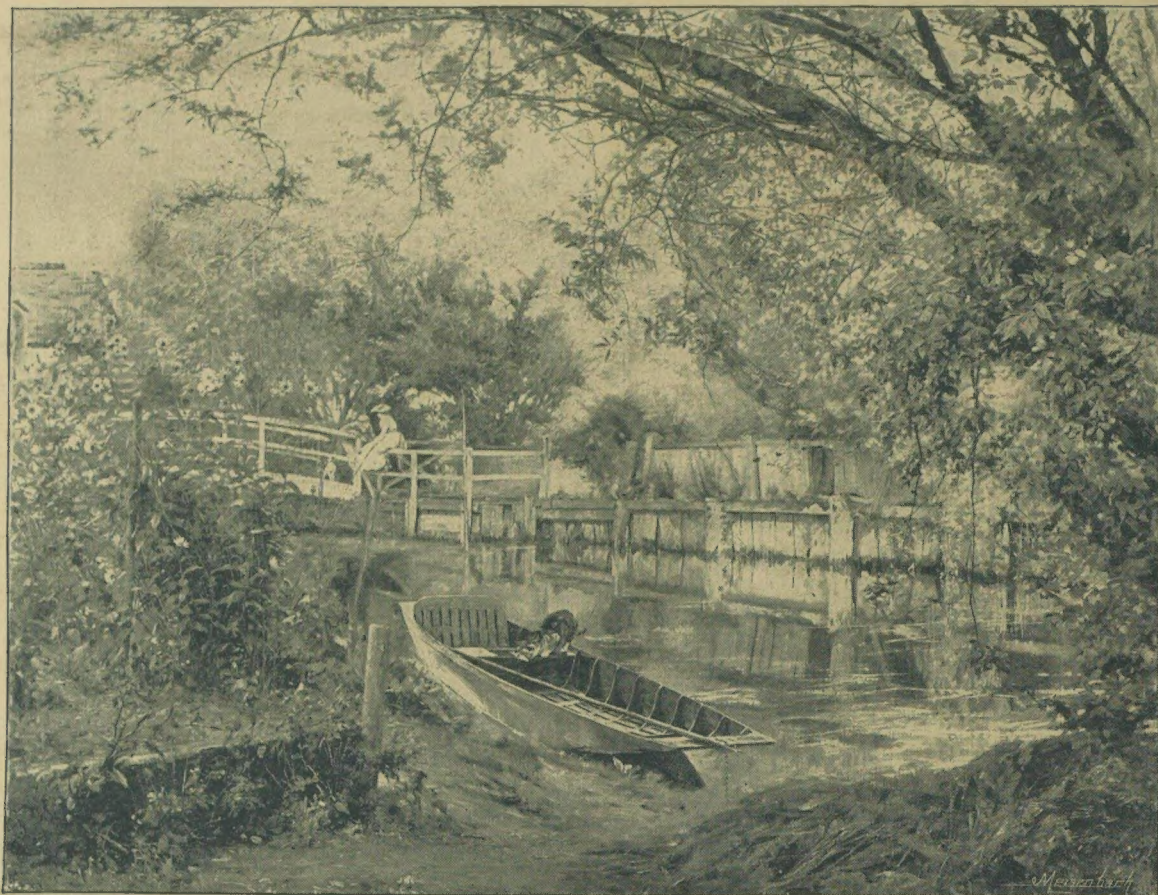


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